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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

Price Ten Cents.



DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND—A PRANKISH SOCIETY BELLE WHO INTENDED TO OUTWIT HER LIEGE LORD, ATTENDS THE OPERA MASQUERADE BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, AND IS DISCOVERED BY HIM WHILST HAVING A PLEASANT TETE-A-TETE; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 7.



The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1846

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1880.

The coming year promises to be one of the most interesting and important of this eventful and crowded century. THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE will in the future, as it has in the past, keep fully abreast of the times. Our facilities for gathering and illustrating in an artistic manner the current events of the day are of the most perfect description, and our readers may rest assured that nothing of an improper character or inconsistent with the sphere of illustrated journalism will find a place in its columns. THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE is printed and published in the city of New York, and can command all the advantages which a great artistic and literary centre afford, being thus enabled to be always first in the field in depicting accurately and with that high excellence which the best talent in every department can give.

In addition to the many and varied features which now illuminate the pages of THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, we shall, during the year, add many new ones (of which due announcement will be made from time to time) that cannot but still further enhance and beautify its pages, and thus retain its place as the leading illustrated journal of the country and beyond the reach of all competitors.

There is no other illustrated journal published in the city of New York, of the same or similar name, devoted to the interests that find expression in THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, and it has therefore no competition or connection whatever with any imitators closely copying its title for the purpose of profiting by the reputation which has been solidly and permanently built up by its brightness and excellence. The GAZETTE has frequently suffered from this confusion, and plagiarism of titles, and we desire to warn the public in the matter. In all cases ask for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE of New York, and see that the place of publication and the name of the proprietor is clearly set forth.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
P. O. Box 40. William and Spruce Sts., New York City.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

H. W., Philadelphia.—Thanks.

PORTLAND, Me.—Give us your full address.

W. H. H. L., Omaha, Neb.—Photo used. Thanks.

H. C., Taunton, Mass.—Had some account before.

C. N. H., Tribes Hill, N. Y.—We will pay for photographs.

Z. P. M., Rayville, Ky.—Not of sufficient interest to our readers to illustrate.

W. T. W., Aurora, Ga.—Hardly suitable in style for us. We advise you to try again.

R. T., Mt. Carroll, Ill.—Give us some local newspaper statement to support what you send.

A. D. V., Springfield, Ill.—Not exactly in our line. We require something more sensational.

P. P., Madison, Wis.—Yes, that's what we want—material for illustration, portraits, sketches, etc.

B. M. J., Galveston, Tex.—It's just like any other shooting scene. You give no portrait or description.

J. H., Wellsboro, Tenn.—You make a serious accusation, which requires to be further substantiated.

J. W. S., Van Wert, O.—Thanks for attention. Shall be pleased to hear from you on any future occasion.

A. C. B., Bethany, W. Va.—Send us sketches and photographs, and we will then determine what they are worth and pay accordingly.

G. M., Kansas City, Mo.—Cannot fix the price without knowing more about them. Circumstances determine the value of such matter to us.

H. I. K., Augusta, Me.—We do not pay for newspaper clippings. Photographs of persons of prominence always acceptable, and for which we give liberal remuneration.

HARRY, Springfield, Mass.—We publish none of the items, not considering them of sufficient general interest, and therefore cannot forward the desired sum, modest though it be.

F. H., Macon, Ga.—We receive abundance of good matter every week which, as there is a limit to our capacity, we are unable to use. Your idea, however, is a good one. Thanks for attention, and hope you will try again.

EX-REPORTER, Baltimore, Md.—While thanking you for your kindly interest, we must say that we do not require suggestions as to the manner in which we shall conduct our business. The GAZETTE is now considered the leading illustrated paper in the country.

L. D. J., Cincinnati.—We have no connection whatever with the feeble imitations of the GAZETTE, anonymously issued, one scarcely knows where. The name of the proprietor is always plainly displayed in our paper. Of the imitation in question the absence of the words "New York" in the title should be taken as settling its identity, or, more properly speaking, its lack of identity.

POLICE PRETENSIONS.

The disgusting imbecility manifested by the police authorities in dealing with the many loathsome dens of vice which flourish in all parts of the city is one of the most deplorable phases of metropolitan life. Encouraged by the shilly-shally spirit manifested in every action of the guardians of the peace, these pest-holes are increasing day by day, and their managers become bolder and more defiant in the immunity afforded them by non-interference in their degrading career.

At regular intervals the public are dosed with threats and blatant pretensions of reform, which generally end in sound and fury, signifying nothing. For the time being evil doers tremble in their boots with apprehension, but when the impending storm of police vigilance blows over and the doughty officials settle back into their luxurious, high-priced idleness, the votaries of crime and lawlessness take new heart, and plunge anew into their many schemes of wickedness.

We are at present suffering from the evils of this system of dealing with crime. On every avenue and prominent street Vice flaunts its horrid front fearlessly and unblushingly, secure from molestation. Dens of iniquity meet one at every turn, and suggest in their moral rotteness a modern Sodom and Gomorrah.

The police officials are cognizant of this state of affairs, but shamefully neglect to use the means of suppression. Will Captain Byrnes and Bergold deny that they possess the power to exterminate the faro banks and houses of ill-fame that abound so plentifully in their precincts? Broadway, between Grand and Fourteenth street, rejoices in several very flourishing banks, and every one of them thrive upon their dishonest traffic. In the Twenty-ninth precinct the same thing is the case to a greater extent. Since the removal of Captain Williams there has been a very perceptible increase in the number of houses of prostitution and gambling, a fact that does not reflect very great credit upon his successor. And, if the truth was known, we doubt whether Captain Williams would be entitled to any credit in the matter, either. In the Fourth precinct the faro shops and poker clan enjoy the largest liberty. Ann and Barclay streets support in sumptuous style several lucrative "skin" games, and no effort is made to put a quietus on their operations. And so on the list might be extended all over the city.

How long is this official neglect of duty to go on? Is there no limit to the encroachments of vice? The public of New York are characteristically patient and forbearing with the shortcomings of its servants, but there comes a time when patience ceases to be a virtue. Shallow pretenses and hypocritical promises may serve for a season in diverting attention from existing evils, but sooner or later the mask of deceit is torn away, and the official who fancies that he can hoodwink the community by threats and promises will be taught the fallacy of his delusion. Action, prompt and earnest, is what New York needs just now, and the police authorities should realize this fact if they would avoid the wrath of public indignation to come.

A NAMELESS CRIME.

Among all the criminals who prey upon society—who daily fill our courts and our prisons—and who prosecute their various callings in our midst, there is none from whom we turn with so much loathing and abhorrence as that worse than demon—the abortionist. Even the most hardened graduate of vice in other phases regards himself as superior to this sleek, soft handed and low-voiced male or female who, under the assumed title of "doctor" or "madame," persists, in the face of the law, both of God and man, in committing deliberate and cold-blooded murder—in most cases what proves to be double murder.

Within the past two or three years a greater number of crimes of this nature have been brought to light—and occasionally to justice—than ever before during a similar period in the history of the country. Notwithstanding this fact, however, the "profession" of abortionist continues to flourish and these ghouls to fatten on the indiscretions and recklessness of our youth.

Readers of the GAZETTE will recall the shudder of horror which shook the continent from ocean to ocean some years since, when the famous "trunk mystery" came to light. The murderer, Rosenzweig, was sentenced to seven years in Sing Sing prison, but shortly after his confinement his fellow-prisoners, hardened as they were in vice in every form, rose en masse and refused to labor side by side with this fiend in human form. He was transferred to Auburn, where he served his petty term, and to-day walks the earth a free man, when he should be in the grave filled by his unfortunate victim.

And now comes to us another story from the city of Brotherly Love, of a young girl who, dreading the shame of unlawful maternity, availed herself, with the aid of her betrayer, of the services of one calling himself "Dr." Buchanan, from whom she delusively hoped to gain relief. She entered his den, and has not been seen since. The result of her experiment is only too evident, and it is to be

hoped that the police, who now have the "doctor" and case in hand, will succeed in clearing up the matter and meting out the justice that such scoundrels deserve.

If there is a change needed in any of the criminal laws, it is in the statute referring to this practice. It should cease to be a penal offense, and should be met instead with capital punishment, for it is murder premeditated and in its most horrid form.

A WISE SUGGESTION.

In his first message to the legislature, Governor Cornell sounds the keynote of a reform, which, if effected, will produce a vast amount of good. Referring to the excise laws now in vogue, he says: "Much dissatisfaction prevails in regard to the excise laws, and it is essential that some effort be made to render them more effective. The laws are constantly violated or evaded, and inadequate attention is given to their enforcement. Indeed the chief difficulty seems to be to determine the scope or meaning of the existing statutes on this subject. What is needed is a carefully matured act that can be plainly understood and faithfully executed. Although beset with difficulties, it is your duty to seek an intelligent solution of the matter."

It is lamentable that the chief executive of the state should be forced to confess that any of its laws are inoperative. Such, however, is the case with regard to the excise laws. Based upon narrow-minded, bigoted ideas, they have engendered evils which damage society and foster crime. Temperance people, are in general very contracted in their ideas of human nature, and tyrannical in their notions of the restrictions which should govern men in their actions. In their efforts to suppress intemperance they have been actuated solely by their own one-sided views, forgetting that there are two sides to every question; and they seem to have been fortunate in finding legislators in times past of the same illiberal character as themselves, if the present laws can be taken as a criterion.

Thus far no benefit has been derived from these laws. On the contrary they have forced dealers of character and business integrity from the traffic, and encouraged the "bucket-shop" element who have no respect for law or anything else. By repealing these laws and enacting new ones founded upon a common-sense basis this latter class would be soon forced to step down and out.

Governor Cornell's suggestion is an excellent one. Let the legislature act on it at once, instead of frittering away their time in wire-pulling schemes which benefit nobody but themselves.

THE REV. MR. HAYDEN.

The Hayden trial still progresses and loses nothing by its length in sensational development and interest. The tragic fate of the erring Mary Stanard and the deep mystery surrounding her death, coupled with the position formerly held by her alleged seducer and murderer have combined to make it one of the *cause célèbre* of the century. Eminent counsel, seconded by men high in position and rich in scientific research and knowledge, have stoutly contested every point and left nothing alone that would throw light upon many dark phases. By a master stroke of enterprise the GAZETTE has been enabled to distance all its competitors, and place before its many readers for the first time an accurate portrait of the principal actor in this sad drama of human depravity. We may be pardoned a feeling of pride in thus accomplishing what all our illustrated contemporaries have failed to do. Efforts have been made from time to time to obtain a correct likeness of Mr. Hayden, but the many attempts have resulted in failure. That we have succeeded is most convincing proof of the disposition of the GAZETTE to maintain the proud position which it now occupies as the leading illustrated journal of the world. The same go-ahead spirit will characterize its management at all times, placing it beyond competition both in point of excellence and reliability.

Caught and Caged.

In last week's GAZETTE we gave the particulars of the murder of Bernard Pickens, and the torturing and burning of Mrs. Pickens near Delphos, Ohio, on Christmas Eve, by three masked men, who secured \$1,500 and escaped. The officers of Paulding, Allen and Van Wert Counties immediately commenced to work up the case, the Van Wert officials have been rewarded in their work, but it had a tragic ending.

The following particulars have been learned: Kate Tucker, the keeper of a house of ill-fame in the town of Van Wert, took the afternoon train on the day before New Years for Delphos, and returned about eleven o'clock at night in company with two suspicious men. They were followed to Kate's home by officers who quickly decided on a plan. Sheriff Steith, after stationing officers outside the house, and with Deputy Crothers and Constable Redrup entered and recognized "Christ" Grossman, an old offender, with two pals. He demanded their surrender, and was answered by Grossman drawing and firing three times in quick succession, each shot taking effect on Steith.

Grossman then extinguished the lights, and commenced indiscriminate firing, which resulted in Steith receiving two balls in his breast. Redrup received one ball, one in the left breast, passing clear through the body, and the other in the arm. Crothers escaped the shots, but was badly beaten by the butt-end of a revolver. Grossman and one pal made their exit through the door that Gaskill was guard. Gaskill fired after them without effect. The other pal made no resistance, and quietly gave himself up. In his possession was found nine hundred dollars of the stolen money.

Grossman succeeded in eluding the officers until the morning of the 3d instant, when he was arrested at the house of Mrs. Dailey, thirteen miles from Van Wert. He called at Mrs. Dailey's on the previous evening, and asked permission to stay all night, which was granted. Mrs. Dailey suspected him as being the fugitive, and quietly sent word to Jacob Beamer, the City Marshal at Wittenberg. Beamer and a posse surrounded the house, and Marshal Beamer then went to Grossman's room, threw open the door and pointed a revolver at him, commanding him to throw up his hands, which he did. He was apparently glad to surrender, as he had a wound in one of his arms which he received on the night he resisted arrest. Two hundred dollars were found in his possession. He was taken to Van Wert and securely jailed.

Kate Tucker, at whose house the three men stopped when the fight occurred, and James Goss, who came to town the next morning, procured a coat, hat, boots and ammunition for Grossman, have been arrested as accomplices. A strong guard is kept over the prisoners as the people have threatened to lynch them.

We present on another page a portrait of Sheriff Steith, who so bravely faced the desperadoes. His wounds are of a very serious nature, and his recovery is considered doubtful.

The Count Joannes.

[With Portrait.]

Another of the familiar links by which the New York of to-day is connected with the newspapers and the drama of the past has been sundered. George Jones, the Count Joannes, died at the West Side Hotel, on Sixth avenue, Dec. 30. On Christmas day the Count called upon his dramatic pupil, Miss Avonia Fairbanks, and was taken ill, and did not again leave the pleasant parlor which she occupied. The Count died a few minutes before 7 o'clock in the evening, there being only Miss Fairbanks and a servant present.

George Jones, the Count's father, was an English chemist, who with his wife and three children, of whom George was the eldest, emigrated to this country about sixty years ago. As a boy, the Count's affection for his mother was manifested in a multitude of ways, and when he resolved to go away and seek his fortune his greatest stringe was to part with her. He believed he had an attitude for the stage, and endeavored to induce his parents to allow him to become an actor. He succeeded in winning his mother over but his father sternly refused to give his consent, and at last the lad, then about fifteen, determined to go away. He parted affectionately with his mother, and then went to wish his father farewell. Mr. Jones was superintending the construction of a well, and the parting between him and his son was not lengthened by any unnecessary words. George never saw his father afterwards.

He had but little difficulty in obtaining employment in a Boston theatre, and being an apt actor he soon became popular. Engagement followed engagement, and six years later the favorite tragedian, George Jones, found it an easy matter to choose his place and part for acting. He traveled all over this country, earning plenty of money, but his liberality and extravagant habits were an effectual bar against his becoming wealthy. He visited England and played successfully in the principal London theatres.

After a short absence he returned and traveled as a star through nearly all the states. His wife, to whom he was married when in his twenty-first year, having died, he married again, but his wedded life was not thereafter a happy one, and in a short time a separation followed, and he went back to Europe, where he remained for nearly eighteen years. It was while abroad at this time that the Count received his patent of nobility from one of the smaller German princes.

After his long absence in Europe, the Count returned to Boston, where he became a barrister. But he made many enemies, and was expelled from the bar for barratry; and finally, a few years before the war, he came to New York, where he practiced as a lawyer up to the time of his death. Here his eccentricities were laughed at, and his career was a very fluctuating. Sometimes he had plenty of money, and at others he was reduced to dire necessity. He borrowed small sums with dignity, and repaid them with punctilious exactness—when he could. A gentleman, who was one of many of whom the Count borrowed in his straits, says that the Count was the soul of honor in money matters, albeit he probably owed many a dollar at the time of his death. He was habitually almost penniless, and very often was forced to ask permission from the police captains to be allowed to sleep in the station house. He was well known at all the down town stations, and was always provided with a comfortable place to rest.

In a recently published interview the Count said: "The two matters that during my whole life have been the source of my especial pride, and which engraved in stone, shall stand above my grave and perpetuate my honor after death, are temperance and industry. I was never intoxicated. I never used spirituous liquors and never smoked."

After lying in an ice-box for nearly a week, the remains were buried on Monday last in Maple Grove Cemetery, Long Island, Lester Wallack having finally come to the rescue and made up the sum necessary to give the Count a decent burial elsewhere than in the Potter's field. The casket was of rosewood, with silver ornaments, and the plate bore the inscription: "George, the Count Joannes. Born in London, March 10, 1810. Died in New York, December 30, 1879."

WOODSIDE'S WEDDING.

A Painful Amount of Evidence Showing That It Was Too Long Deferred—A Presbyterian Shepherd Involved in a

VERY SAVORY SCANDAL

Which Was Kindly Suppressed By His Co-Laborers in the Presbytery—The Story of a Very Unwelcome Baby.

ITS UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 1.—The record of the Rev. Nevin Woodside, whose assumption of pastoral duties at the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, of this city, has kicked up such a row, and resulted in the disgraceful church riot of two weeks ago, has been a matter of considerable rumor. It was alleged while he was in charge of a church in Brooklyn, N. Y., that he had been guilty of undue intimacy with one of the young females of the flock, which offense he afterward repaid to the best of his ability by marrying her. The charge was examined by the presbytery, and Mr. Woodside was acquitted. These facts have all been published; but the testimony given on the trial was kept a profound secret, and, after Mr. Woodside's acquittal, was expunged from the record. A copy of the expunged testimony is, however, in existence. It is very interesting, not only as bearing upon the question as to whether Mr. Woodside did really commit

THE PECCADILLO

with which he was charged, but also raising the question as to the character of the evidence which was adduced in his defense at the Northern Presbytery, in 1875.

The first extracts from the papers in the case show that while Mr. Woodside was in charge of the church in Brooklyn he boarded with a Mrs. McVeety, until she broke up housekeeping in the early part of July, 1873. On the 1st of September, 1873, Miss Mary McVeety, the daughter of the lady with whom Mr. Woodside had been boarding, went to a boarding-school at Geneva, O., kept by H. H. George. On the 6th of November, 1874, Mr. Woodside asked and obtained a leave of absence for six months on the ground of ill-health. He left on the 26th, and on the same day was married to Miss McVeety by her brother in Philadelphia. Evil reports soon reached the ear of the presbytery, whereupon a meeting was called, and a libel was drawn up (and served upon him by mail) of which the following is the most important point:

"The specification of the charge against you is that during the latter part of December, 1873, or thereabouts, the person then known as Miss McVeety

WAS DELIVERED OF A CHILD

at the house of H. H. George, of West Geneva, O., and the circumstances, then and since, strongly implicate you in the scandal that has arisen. With this you are charged, and an opportunity is now offered of presenting your defense, if any such you have to make."

Mr. Woodside was cited to appear before the presbytery on the 3d day of February, 1875, but failed to put in an appearance. After several adjournments a meeting was finally held on the 12th of May, at which Mr. Woodside appeared and objected to all the minutes of the previous meetings. It was, however, finally resolved "that in case Mr. Woodside will take the abjuration oath, make all necessary explanations, and answer all questions, and that in case these be satisfactory, the minutes be expunged from the record." To this Mr. Woodside acceded. The sworn testimony of Mr. and Mrs. George and Mrs. M. J. Clelland was then read, as follows:

"NORRWOOD, O., May, 1875.—In the case of *fama clamosa* against the Rev. Nevin Woodside, the following persons were sworn and examined: Rev. H. H. George testified as follows:

"During the spring and summer of 1873 we received, we think, three letters from Mr. Woodside with reference to Mary McVeety and her brother. The first requested us to take the two, as, having been confined in the city, they were

IN DELICATE HEALTH.

We wrote him that we had no arrangement for boarding during the summer and would likely be absent from home. His second request was to find a place for them during the vacation, as their health required a change. We wrote them to send them on and we would secure a place for them. His third letter said that we need not trouble about them, as other arrangements had been made for them at present, but that they would be on time for school.

"When Mary came on, about the 1st of September, she was noticeably unshapely, so much so that we spoke of it among ourselves; but knowing nothing of her former figure and not willing to suspect, the matter rested. About two weeks before her confinement it was suggested to Mrs. George by a woman in the house that she was certainly pregnant. About the last of December, 1873, Miss McVeety gave birth to a child in the seminary building. The same day I wrote Mr. Woodside, saying, 'The girl you sent here has this day been delivered of a seemingly full-grown and healthy child, and they must be removed as soon as possible. Answer by dispatch what shall be done with them.'"

The following dispatch was received from him in due time:

"Send M. to hospital, Cincinnati. All expenses will be paid. Don't write to mother. N. WOODSIDE."

"No. 148 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn."

A few days subsequent to this we received a letter from N. Woodside, of which the following is an extract:

"I send you \$50 to defray her expenses to Cincinnati. Send her to some institution where she

WILL BE CAREFULLY ATTENDED.
Keep out of it the back pay for her boarding, and let me know immediately where you place her. I ask you for the sake of your college, and all concerned, not to let the matter get into the hands of newspapers. Publishing it will result in no good to the college at West Geneva. The hand that writes to you yields a facile pen, and will be employed in raising your college above the blow it has received. Do not mention the matter to your brethren in New York. Oh, how sad the whole affair is! No blame will rest upon you or anyone connected with the college. It was a pity you did not write me when you suspected that there was something wrong. I write in haste, as I wish to get this posted to-night. I would recommend you not to write to her mother until I get time to tell her the news."

The following is an extract of a letter dated July 1, 1874, received from Mr. Woodside:

In the letter in which you informed me of the birth of the child you spoke as if you suspected me for entering into some scheme to cover the girl's shame by sending her to your school. I assure you on the highest of all authorities that there never was a more unfounded suspicion. I declare solemnly my innocence.

Mrs. M. J. Clelland testified as follows: I was once or twice a day assisting in the care of the mother and child, after it was born. There were five letters came to Miss McVeety on Saturday night, after the child was born. I saw the letters under the pillow. On Sabbath night or Monday noon I went over to attend her, and after I had made her bed and fixed her there was one letter lying on the bed. She handed it to me. I asked her what I would do with it. She told me to drop it in the trunk. I lifted the lid and

BY ACCIDENT.

it dropped over the trunk into the clothes. I carried the clothes down-stairs, and in looking over them I picked up the letter, and gave it to Mrs. George. We read it together. As nearly as I can recollect, the letter began as follows:

MY DEAR MARY: I have written you two letters before. I am going to a tea-party to-night, but before I go I will write you as to the course to pursue. When you go to Cincinnati inquire for a professor of obstetrics. Have him examine you. Have him give the examination, not verbally, but in writing. Don't read it till you get to your room. Inquire for the best lying-in hospital. Then read it. Whatever the result may be, don't get excited. Get some light work, if it should be but a few weeks. Write to Mr. George that, owing to the hardness of the times, your mother could not keep you at school. Write to your mother that you think of taking a little rest, and perhaps you can return in a few months. If anything should occur, send me a dispatch, not from the Gibson House, but from some railway station. I hope your fears may be groundless. As for the enlargement and discoloration of the abdomen and breasts, that may result from a cessation of the menses. If you should have a child, don't injure your health. I would rather see you have a living babe than that you should do anything to injure your health. You may have better after than before. You have been the means of scourging me severely.

OUR SON HAS FOUND US OUT.
You are as dear to me as life. I do not blame you over-duly. I have prayed for you. We shall reign in Heaven. Change your handwriting as often as possible. Put a slip over it.

The letter was signed N. W., and Miss McVeety gave it to me.

Mrs. S. B. George testified as follows: Miss McVeety gave birth to a child in our house on the 17th day of December, 1873. Previous to that time, on the suggestion of a lady in the house that Miss McVeety was pregnant, I took her into the study and questioned her. She denied that there was anything wrong with her, saying that owing to certain irregularities she was accustomed to bl�ot. About half an hour before the child was born, she sent for me and said:

"You talked to me some time ago about something, and I don't know whether that is what is the matter with me or not. I am feeling so badly. Can you tell me what is the matter with me?" I told her what I thought, but she denied knowing anything about it, up to that time. I asked if she pretended to say to me that she knew nothing about it, and had no intimacy with any man. She told me that she had once, but did not know that he had done anything to harm her. After the birth of the child she refused to tell

WHO ITS FATHER WAS.

On being asked if they were engaged, she said: "Not in so many words." I said "that was the understanding?" She nodded her head in assent. Miss McVeety's mother came on about ten days after the child was born, and, in conversation with me, she told me that the father of the child was going to marry her daughter. I said that we thought we knew who the father was, and without any apparent surprise she told me that it would be best not to mention any names. We always spoke of the father of the child as "he" or "him," as the case might be. She expressed some fear that he might not marry her, but she said that she would make Brooklyn too hot for him if he did not. In another conversation, in speaking of a letter Mr. George had written to Mr. Woodside, she said "he" had brought the letter and showed it to her, and said he thought Mr. George must have been pretty angry when he wrote it. Mr. Woodside's name not having been mentioned, she said "he" or "him," as in other conversations when speaking of the father of the child. Again, she said: "If this thing were known in Brooklyn, it would be a great blow to our little cause there. Again, she said Christianity suffered by such events.

The defence that was offered by Mr. Woodside went to show that Miss McVeety had been married to a Nathaniel R. Wright on the 1st of March, 1873, and that he died of pneumonia in a few weeks afterwards. Woodside denied all guilt in the matter; denied that he was the father of the child born to Miss McVeety on the 17th of December, 1873, and that he wrote the letter signed N. W."

RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

A Sunday's Sanguinary Work—Four Murderers taken from a Louisiana Jail by Vigilantes and Swung up to the Limbs of Trees.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AMITE CITY, La., Jan 1.—On Sunday night last, the jail in this place was broken open by a band of fifty mounted and armed men, and four prisoners were carried away into the woods, and hanged from a limb of a tree. The men thus summarily disposed of, were Perry Walker, George Carroll, Richard Smith and Harrison Johnson.

Sheriff Mix, of Amite City, gives the following account of the taking out of the prisoners. The mob decoyed him into the street, and then demanded the keys of the jail. "One of the crowd seized me by the arm and said: 'We mean business,' and at the same time called upon his companions, and, as they obeyed his order and approached, they cocked their double-barrel shotguns and presented at such short range at me that their barrels were resting on me. As some of them were very drunk, I was afraid they would shoot me anyway. This assault they backed with a threat to take my life, unless I surrendered the keys of the dungeon. Seeing no other alternative, I told them that the keys were at my house, and that they would have to go and get them. My wife under protest, surrendered the keys. They opened the doors of the dungeon and

TOOK OUT SIX MEN.

As soon as the doors were opened, they cried for cords and rope, and shortly thereafter, the six prisoners were led out with their hands bound. The sheriff, as they were leaving the prison, said that two of the persons that they were taking away, were innocent of crime, and the lynchers took his word for it, and set them at liberty.

What followed is described by an eye witness. He says that they carried the prisoners to a point about two miles from the jail. The first they attended to was Richard Smith. They said to him: "Dick you are about to die; there is no hope for you. Did you murder that young lady?" "I did not," he said. "Give him a chance at the rope," yelled the band. Then they got hold of the rope, dragged him up about three feet, and he groaned and pleaded, and as they let the trembling creature down, he said: "I know there is no hope for me. You have been chosen my executioners, and I have got to die, but I don't want to meet my Jesus with a lie on my tongue."

I KILLED HER.

I knew it was wrong. She was as fair and beautiful as any young mistress, but I shot her. I sneaked up to her when she was looking out of the window and fired a load of buckshot into her breast."

"Up with him" came from the crowd, and when he was up so he staid.

Harrison Johnson was the next one they strung up. He confessed to having killed young Phillips, but held to the last that he acted in self-defence. He said he struck him on the head with a picket. Harrison died hard.

Perry Walker was the third, having watched two of his companions strung up he exhibited the most abject fear. Before he went up to a limb he acknowledged having been with young Phillips when he received the blow at the hands of Harrison, and that after he was stunned he choked him and robbed him.

He kicked and grappled with the air up to the time the shotguns were fired at him.

George Carroll was the last to be hanged. He protested his innocence to the last.

After they were all up the crowd made targets of their bodies, completely riddling them with bullets. They then cut them down, piled their bodies in the middle of the road.

AND RODE AWAY.

The crimes for which the prisoners were awaiting trial were very brutal and fiendish. Carroll was a dark mulatto, who in November, 1877, murdered his wife by choking her to death with a rope. After the murder he dragged the body into the swamp and burned it. His act was attributed to jealousy. For the offence he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. He appealed for a new trial, which was granted to him a week ago by the supreme court. At the time of his death he had been in prison two years, one month and ten days. Smith, a light grif, aged twenty years, three years ago murdered Miss Wittington in Washington parish. His victim had hardly

BUDDED INTO WOMANHOOD.

and was very beautiful. The wretch crawled beneath the window of her father's house at night, and when the young lady came to the window levelled a gun at her breast and shot her dead. His motive was money. He had been hired to assassinate her, and he did his work. So prejudiced was the community against him when he was arrested that he was granted a change of venue to Tangipahoa. In this parish he was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. He appealed to the supreme court, and was granted a new trial. On his second trial he was found guilty of murder and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. From this conviction he took a second appeal, which is now pending before the supreme court. Smith has been in prison two years and nine months.

Harrison Johnson and Perry Walker were arrested for

THE MURDER

of T. J. Phillips. On Christmas eve, while Mr. Phillips was in Tangipahoa, en route to this city to spend Christmas, he was induced to go to what is known as Prince's corner by the two accused men, and was there murdered by the two for his pistol and \$50. Harrison Jackson struck him on the head with a picket, causing compression of the brain and death, and after he had been brought down to earth by the blow, Perry Walker choked and robbed him. The last named murder was the cause of the lynching on Sunday night. Mr. Phillips' friends had become so exasperated at the brutal murder of their companion that they banded themselves together (one hundred

and fifty strong) and started to Amite to deal out vengeance to his slayers. One hundred of the number remained at the place where the men were hanged, while fifty rode into the town and got the men out of jail.

SHEARER'S SHAME.

The Sensational Divorce Suit That is Making Scandal in a Western Town—A Mother-in-Law in the Background.

BELLEFONTAINE, O., Jan. 2.—Logan county is getting up a sensation in the divorce line second to none in the state. It is, indeed, doubtful if Indiana, under the old regime could show a better record. Some thirty cases are on file now, and at the last term of court, in five petitions granted, the parties were remarried within one week.

An application has just been filed that promises to rattle up the dry bones to an extent heretofore unknown, both on account of the wealth and standing of the parties implicated. This is the case of Jacob Shearer vs. Catherine Shearer. A mass of papers, petitions, affidavits, &c., have been filed by both parties. The plaintiff in his petition says in substance that he is and has been a resident of Logan county, Ohio, for three years past; that he was married to defendant in Stark county, Ohio, in 1860, and has ever since lived with her as a provident and faithful husband, until her desertion and abandonment of him. That in 1869 he moved with her to Logan county onto the homestead farm, where he has ever since supplied her bountifully with the comforts and necessities of life and

HAD NO SUSPICION

of the things hereinbefore mentioned. Plaintiff alleges that his wife's mother, with the intention of breaking up his household by evil counsel and sinister advice, alienated her from the duties and affections of home life, and caused her to be guilty of gross neglect of duty. His said wife during said time being morose and sulky, and refused to cook or cause to be cooked the family meals; she abused him in the presence of strangers and drove from the house, the female help which the plaintiff had provided for her.

The plaintiff further charges that his wife and her mother did collect a party of people in his house in the night season, while he was absent attending a funeral, and caroused and danced until 3 o'clock in the morning.

Plaintiff further alleges that she, his wife, has been

GUILTY OF ADULTERY

with the following named persons, to-wit: With Charles Allison, at Montreal, Shelby county, Ohio, in the fall of 1865; with Sebastian Stangel, in February and May, 1866, at the same place; with an unknown tramp, at the same place, on September 1, 1867; with Henry Shaffer, same place, in May, 1867; with Mathias Cole, at Montreal, in October and December, 1866; and at plaintiff's house, in Logan county, in 1868 to 1870 at plaintiff's place of residence.

For these reasons he prays he may be divorced from the defendant, have the control of his two children and such other relief as the court may direct.

The defendant in her answer and counter-petition, denies in toto the allegations of the plaintiff, and charges him with gross neglect of duty and failure to provide. She avers that for a period of over three years past she has slept in a remote room of the house and has refused to cohabit with her; that for weeks at a time he would leave her without wood or potatoes in the house, and has also failed to procure proper food and clothes for her, and has left her at these times without the ordinary necessary food. She declares that she has always been a provident, faithful wife; has always performed her duties, and has been willing to

ACT THE PART OF A WIFE

toward the defendant in all respects; but he, without any just provocation, has left her bed and refused to cohabit with her. She says that for several years past the plaintiff has frequently used violent, blasphemous and abusive language toward her, and would frequently call her a "d—d w—," a "slut," and apply opprobrious and vile epithets to her.

She further alleges that plaintiff has frequently required her to perform outdoor work, suitable for men only, such as harvesting, turning a wind-mill, &c., when she was pregnant with a child and wholly unfit for such labor; that when she was sick he refused to furnish the proper medical aid, and for three years past, when sick, he has failed to provide for her proper assistance and medical attention.

Furthermore, that a few days prior to the commencement of this suit, he, without reason, justification or cause, charged the defendant in the presence of third parties with being criminally intimate with one John Clifford.

Finally, she says that the plaintiff's course for the last three years toward her has been one of constant abuse and failure to provide the necessities of life; that the plaintiff is a man of wealth, having a farm of 600 acres and worth probably \$10,000.

Therefore, she prays that she may be divorced from him, her children awarded her, and plaintiff be ordered to pay reasonable alimony and such other and further relief as equity may require.



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS MAUDE BLANCHARD, BURLESQUE ARTISTE, AT BERRY'S BROADWAY THEATRE; BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 7.

"The Old, Old Story."

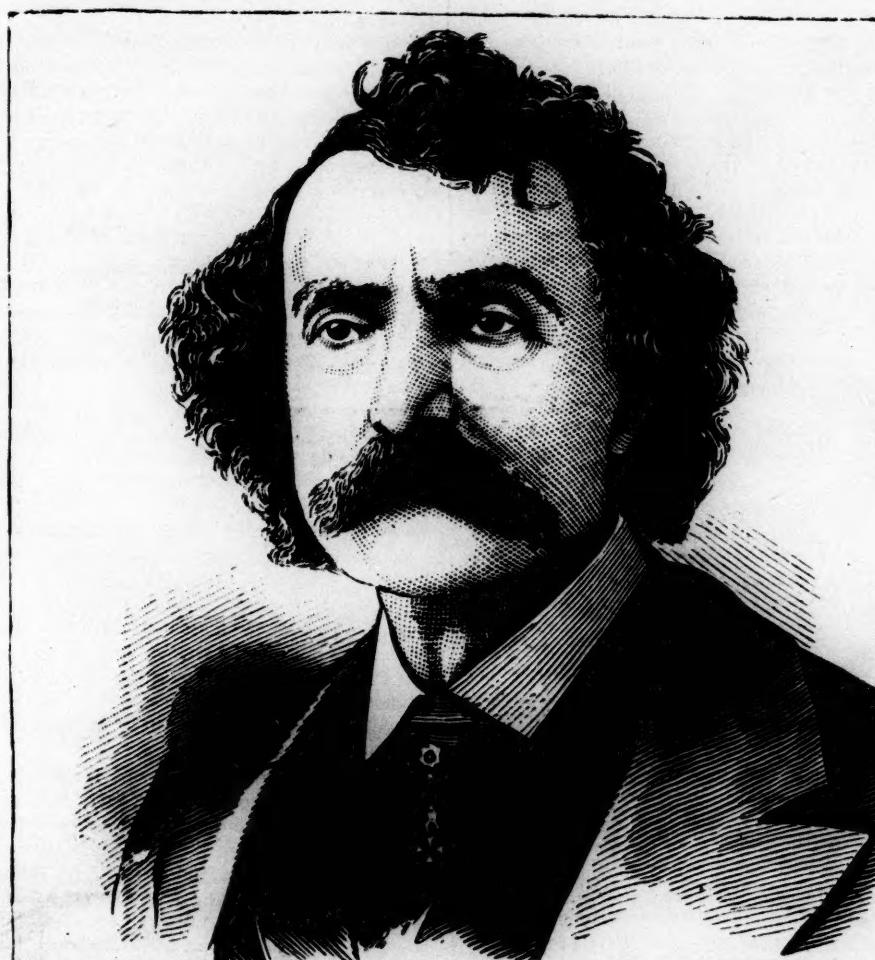
[Subject of Illustration.]

Word was sent on Saturday morning to the New York coroner's office, that a young woman, whose name and history were unknown, had been found dead in a small, dingy room on the first floor of No. 520 Sixth avenue. The woman engaged the room December 17. She did not give her name, but she said she had a sister living in Fourth street and a father-in-law, an employee in Stewart's store living some where in Seventh street. She did not know their exact addresses. The lodger was about twenty-four years old and somewhat prepossessing. She was of a melancholy turn of mind and seemed to be utterly destitute and friendless. She had not been seen by the housekeeper, Mrs. Becker, since December 20. Suspecting that there was something wrong she informed the police. The door was broken in, and in a chamber room, in which there was no other article of furniture than a bed and a broken chair, on which was a bottle full of whiskey and another empty, the woman was found lying across the bed dressed. She had died, it is believed, during New Year's night. From some pawn-tickets found in the room it was ascertained that her name was Blaine. After the body was removed to the morgue a gentleman giving the name of Blaine who viewed the remains said they were those of his daughter. He said that she had been seduced, and after the birth of a child had taken to drink, and would not live at home.

Down an Embankment.

[Subject of Illustration.]

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 31.—When the Chicago express, due here at 6 o'clock, but about four hours behind time this morning, was passing Mendota on its way to Minneapolis, it encountered a broken rail over which the engine passed safely. The baggage, mail, express and passenger cars following, all but the sleeper, though they left the track, did not leave the road bed, but the sleeper, the last car, went over the high embankment and rolled down seventy feet clear to the water's edge. Fortunately the trucks



GEORGE JONES, (THE COUNT JOANNES), ACTOR, AUTHOR AND READER, DIED, DEC. 30, 1879; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 2.

and nearly all the iron work parted from the car on the first turn and did not follow it, or more serious consequences might have resulted. There were only eight persons in the sleeping car. Dr. D. A. Stewart, of Winona, was fatally injured, Mrs. Charles Prior and one other lady received several serious bruises, and the other passengers escaped with slight flesh wounds. It was a remarkably fortunate accident. Considering the distance and the incline down which the car rolled, it is a wonder that the car was not crushed and everyone in it killed or terribly maimed.

An Unpleasant Scandal.

MONTPELIER, Ind., Dec. 30.—The very sudden death of Miss Jane Greer, has caused a great deal of comment and whispered conversations in private circles. The following facts concerning the sad fate of the young lady has been gathered by your correspondent: About two weeks ago she called at the drug store and procured some arsenic (instead of oxalic acid, as stated). Being questioned as to what she wanted it for, she replied that her mother had sent her for it; that they wanted it to kill rats, and that her father would pay for it. Thursday last she took a large quantity, and repeated the dose some three or four hours afterward, the dose being so large as to cause vomiting which prevented it from killing her at once. Inflammation of the stomach set in, which caused her death in a very short time. Just before her death she confessed to taking the whole half ounce.

There is a report in circulation that Miss Greer was married a few weeks ago to a young farmer near here whose name is withheld for the present for good reasons, and that they have been living together as man and wife, and it is the supposition generally that some little domestic trouble had sprung up between the two, which led her to commit the rash act which caused her untimely death.

The Prosecuting Attorney came over to Montpelier to-day and interviewed the young lady's father concerning this marriage, but the old gentleman would not impart any information. The records of the County Clerk's office don't show where any marriage certificate has been issued to those two people.



"THE OLD, OLD STORY"—MISS BLAINE, WHO LOVED NOT WISELY, TAKES TO DRINK, TRAVELS THE DOWNWARD PATH WITH RAPIDITY AND DIES IN A WRETCHEDLY MISERABLE ROOM ON SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.



HE GETS THE BRAND—MISS LILLIE BRAND HAS HER FAITHLESS LOVER ARRESTED—IN THE COURT-ROOM SHE THROWS HER BRACELETS IN HIS FACE AFTER HE HAD FURNISHED BAIL TO APPEAR FOR TRIAL. BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 6.



SHERIFF STEITH, OF VAN WERT COUNTY, OHIO,
FATAL SHOT WHILE ARRESTING MASKED
BURGLARS.

The President Publicly Insulted.

[Subject of Illustration.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1.—The usual formality of the White House reception to-day was enlivened by an unexpected incident. It happened about 1.30, half an hour after the reception-rooms were thrown open to the public.

Among the early arrivals was a heavily built man with a tawny mustache and an unshaven chin. Around the portico watching the carriages as they drove up, the motley, chatting, curious groups incidental to such occasions were gathered, and joining one of them the man soon made himself conspicuous for his demonstrative gestures and boisterous voice. He was Colonel De Ahna, the deposed Customs Collector at Sitka. For a year and a half Colonel De Ahna has been here with his family seeking redress for fancied or real wrongs growing out of his office.

When the president's annual message and Secretary Sherman's report were issued Col. De Ahna supposed that he would be reinstated. He impressed the members of the Finance Committee with the urgency and justice of his claims, and they signed an application to Secretary Sherman for De Ahna's reinstatement. The application was consigned to the waste basket, and the Colonel naturally became furious and publicly threatened to cowhide Mr. Sherman in the streets. Then Secretary Schurz offered him a position in the Interior Department at \$60 a month, a pittance so insignificant for the support of a wife and five children that Colonel De Ahna rejected the offer as an insult. Two days ago, while he was away, his landlord seized his personal property for rent and turned Mrs. De Ahna with her five children, the eldest fourteen years old and the youngest a babe of five months, into the street. Other quarters were secured, but for two days the family have been without even a change of clothing. To-day when the reception rooms became well peopled Colonel De Ahna left his friends at the portico and placed himself in the line leading to the Blue Room, where the President was receiving. The group then moved into the vestibule to watch him, for he had said on leaving them that he intended to tell the President to his face what he had brought him to, and thus try to shame him before a crowd. As the line advanced towards the Blue Room Colonel De Ahna's face grew sullen, but his friends misinterpreted its expression, never dreaming that he would dare proclaim his grievance at such a time and in such a place, and retraced their steps out doors.

Finally De Ahna reached the President, who extended his hand to him. Colonel De Ahna ignored

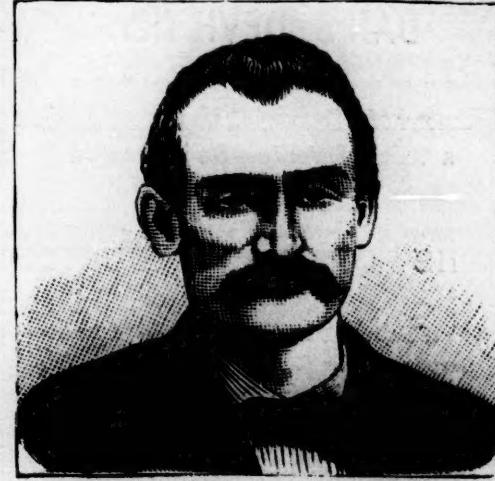
the proffered hand, and stepping back threw open his heavy overcoat and bracing his arms against his hips, craned his neck forward and looking straight into the President's eyes began in the tone of voice characteristic of Mr. Voorhees when spreading himself before the senate:

"For eighteen months you have denied me justice." The President turned his head aside and Colonel De

this New Year Day to tell you what you have brought me to by denying me justice for eighteen months and I shall say what I have to say."

Colonel De Ahna was now talking loud enough to be heard through all the rooms.

"What I have to say is," he continued, his body swaying as though at the slightest provocation he would be ready to start a first class riot, "that if your



MALCHON M. HAMILTON, CONFIDENCE OPERATOR, WANTED AT OMAHA, NEB., FOR A SERIES OF SWINDLING TRANSACTIONS.

A sergeant of the police here interfered and Col. De Ahna was ejected from the room.

Dashed Against an Iron Column.

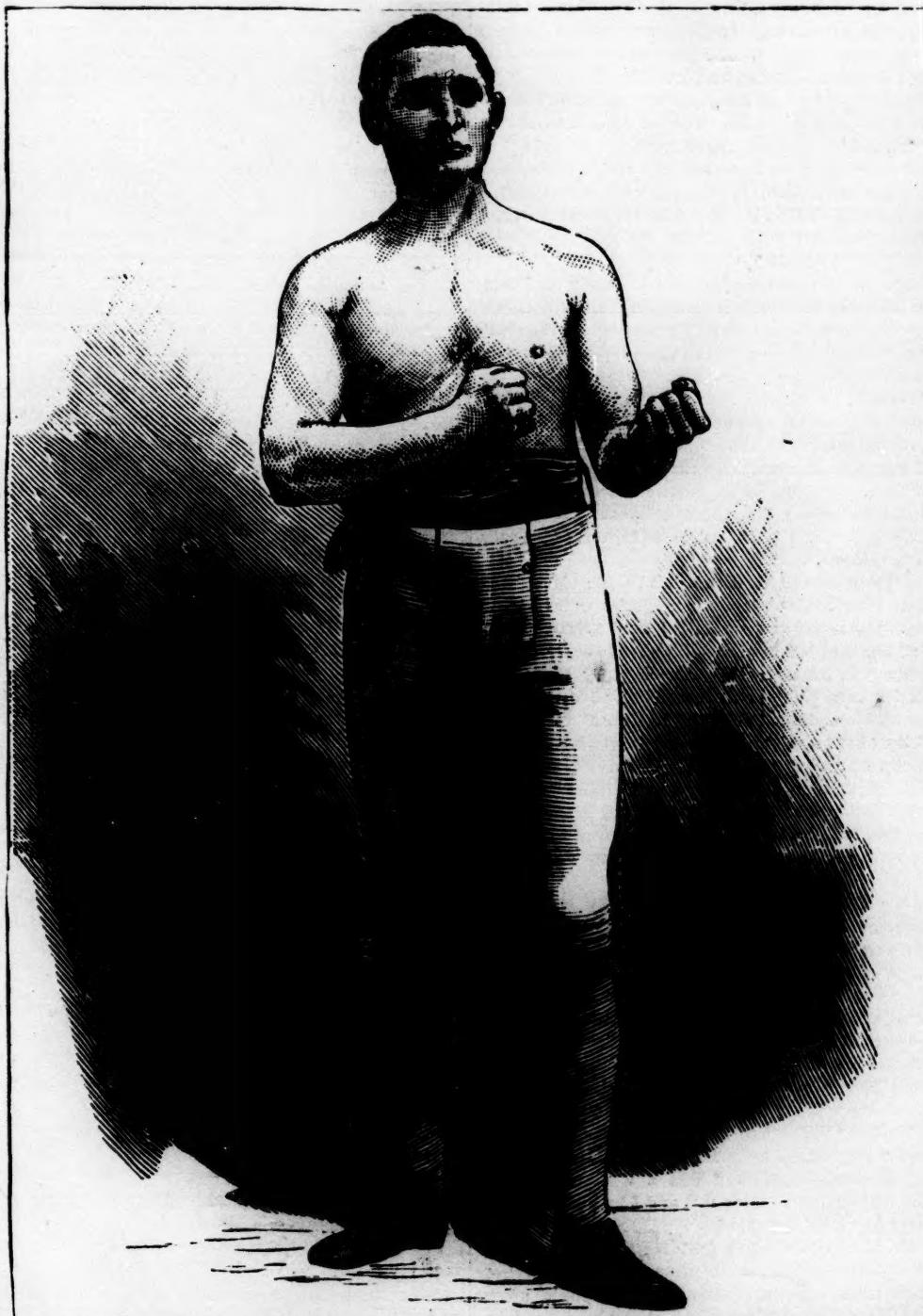
[Subject of Illustration.]

The first serious accident to firemen resulting from the elevated railways occurred on Sunday night last. Engine Company 23, stationed at Fifty-eighth street and Broadway, responded to an alarm of fire at 405 West Fifty-sixth street. The tender of the engine, heavily laden with the members of the company, followed. Crossing Ninth avenue at Fifth street, one of the wheels of the tender grated against a pile of frozen snow, and before the driver could recover himself the tender struck with terrible force against a pillar of the elevated railroad, and the men were flung with great force to the ground.

Two of the men, Patrick Clark and James Haskett who live together at 41 West Fifty-first street, were badly, and, it is thought, fatally hurt. A hasty examination showed that Clark, who was sitting near the wheel of the tender, had been jammed against the pillar with such force that his abdomen and lower limbs were crushed. He begged to be taken home. Haskett, who was riding next to his friend, was dashed against the pillar, and his skull was fractured. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

The Pistol for a Broken Heart.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 2.—Miss Kate Fitzgerald, who attempted to shoot Postmaster Pierce, of Bristol, some months ago, tried last night to take her own life in her room in the Central Hotel, this city. She has recently shown signs of insanity, and last evening, after retiring to her room in a state of depression, fired at her head with a small pistol. Her aim was bad, and the bullet was imbedded in the wall. Subsequently she hid the pistol. The attempt recalls the Pierce scandal, which caused the death of Mrs. Pierce. That lady, jealous of Miss Fitzgerald, attempted to kill her husband, and eventually succeeded in taking her own life by saturating her bed with kerosene and setting it on fire. After Miss Fitzgerald's arrival at the police station the pistol was found secreted upon her person. She says she purchased it in Boston a few days ago for the purpose of killing her seducer, the Bristol Postmaster, or herself. This afternoon she was induced to leave the city, a lawyer paying her expenses to Stamford, Conn. It is not known whether the lawyer acted upon the advice of the Postmaster's friends or not. When she boarded the train she was very much dejected, and much sympathy was expressed for her by the bystanders.



JOHN J. DWYER, CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT PRIZE FIGHTER, APPOINTED BY THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN TO BE CLERK OF THE THIRD DISTRICT CIVIL COURT; BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 10.

Ahna's eyes began to glisten. The people in front of him passed out into the East Room and those behind in the line gathered around him. He made a forward movement as if to switch the President around but the latter saw it and turned slowly back of his own accord, evidently much annoyed.

"Oh, you needn't turn away," Colonel De Ahna went on in a louder voice; "I have come here on

wife and children had to suffer for a month what my American wife and five little ones have had to suffer for nearly two years: if yours were subjected to the outrageous treatment and privations that mine have had to put up with, and simply because justice was denied to you as it has been to me, you would not only be in utter despair as I am, but you would never have another happy day."



DASHED AGAINST AN IRON COLUMN—FIREMEN WHILE RESPONDING TO AN ALARM ARE DASHED AGAINST A POST OF THE NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILWAY AND SERIOUSLY INJURED: NEW YORK CITY.



AVENGING HER HONOR—MISS LUCY W. R. HORTON, IN A FIT OF DESPERATION SHOOTS HER SEDUCER, JOHN H. MORGAN, SON OF SENATOR MORGAN OF ALABAMA; WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 13.

DAN'S DEVILTRY.

Testimony of a Damaging Character Against a Chief of Police—He is Charged With Frequenting

DENS OF PROSTITUTION

And Making Free With the Inmates Keepers Who Refused to "Chalk His Hat" Driven Out of Town.

INTIMIDATION OF PRISONERS.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 30.—The Common Council, in its investigation of the official conduct of Chief of Police Daniel Kennedy, are unearthing a very pretty but unsavory state of affairs. The testimony of the witnesses who appeared before the committee last evening were very contradictory. The first who testified was Station-keeper Kennedy, a cousin of the chief. He said:

I am station-keeper, and have been for four years past. Don't know that any officer was ever sent to look up witnesses in the House of Correction matter. Have seen several witnesses myself, whom I met on the street. Never took a drink with any of the witnesses. Have seen the chief in saloons, generally in the evening. Have been in saloons with him myself. Never saw the chief in any house of prostitution, and don't know that he has been since he has been chief. It is generally the custom to send officers to such places when there is any business to transact. Have never seen the chief under the influence of liquor since he was chief. Remember that Bauer and the chief came into the station-house one night about 11 o'clock. The chief was sober. Don't know where they came from. There is a horse and buggy kept for the use of the force. I did not send for the horse and buggy that night to take him home because he was drunk. The only reason I carried him home that night was because it was late and he was tired. Bauer did not bring him there drunk. Think I have been in Kitty Meyer's saloon with the chief. Have been in Coyne's saloon, on Grand avenue, with the chief. Don't know whether the chief makes it

A CONSTANT PRACTICE

To go into saloons and drink or not. The man Rogers was taken by me to the House of Correction. I have taken prisoners out three or four times. I took him out because he got left by the regular wagon. His getting left was partly the fault of the sheriff. I took him to Fitzgerald's saloon, on the south side, because he wanted to stop there and see if he couldn't get his fine paid; then took him to the south side station a few moments, and then drove him to the House of Correction. I knew that he was wanted as a witness before the House of Correction investigation. I never asked him a question about what he was going to testify to. He begged and cried for me to stop and see if he could get his fine paid, and so I did. That is a common thing as a matter of accommodation; have done it before very often. If a man is fined for being drunk, we make all the effort we can to help him get his fines paid. On special occasions night men are called for short service in the daytime, and day men may be called for extra duty at night.

Thomas Riley testified that he was convicted of being drunk and disorderly and was sent to the House of Correction. Was taken from the municipal court to the station house by a policeman. He said nothing to me. Was put in a cell. Officer Teahan took me out by the stove, and said there was a charge against me that would send me out for three years, and that I would be put through unless I

DID THE FAIR THING

by Chief Kennedy in my testimony before the House of Correction investigating committee. Two of the state board and Mr. Doyle, the driver of the House of Correction wagon, came to see me. Doyle asked me what I was going to do about Kennedy. I told him I didn't know. He said there was a charge against me that would send me over the road, but that he would like to help me out of the scrape. Didn't see Chief Kennedy at all. We started out for the House of Correction in the afternoon, and I asked to be driven to Fitzgerald's to see if I could get my fine paid. Fitzgerald couldn't do it. Met Teahan again, and he said to do the square thing by the chief and I wouldn't have to go over the road. After I got to the House of Correction, the next day, Station-keeper Kennedy came out to see me and, in presence of Inspector Hasse, cautioned me to do the square thing by the chief.

Mary Harrison, an inmate of a house of ill-fame, said that she had known Chief Kennedy since last June. Saw him in Hattie Swift's house, on Wells street. Have seen him there

TWO OR THREE TIMES A WEEK.

He was alone with me once for fifteen minutes. He asked me go into the room with him. I knew him as the chief of police. Saw him go into Bessie Allen's and Alice Harrison's rooms, and also Hattie Swift's. He did not undress while in the room with me. There was a bed in the room. He did not come to make an arrest. He never paid me any money. I granted him a favor, but he did not pay me. Have heard him say to girls that if they would let him stay with them they should not be arrested. Miss Swift refused to grant him favors because he would not pay her. Her place is at 317 Wells street. She has three girls. Police officers came and told her she would have to leave the city, and she did leave. The chief had demanded favors, and on her refusal they ordered her to leave. I heard Kennedy say to Bessie Allen that if she did not let him stay with her she would be cleaned out. He was sober that night, but when he went to my room he was drunk. He went to Miss Harrison's room one night when she was dressing,

and she ran into her closet. He told her if she would come out

IN HER CHEMISE

that he would give her five cents. Never had any intercourse with Mr. Falbe; did not have intercourse with Dr. Philgren's son in his office this morning.

W. F. Falbe, a claim agent, was the next witness, upon being sworn testified: I know Miss Harrison. Came with her to this place this morning. Miss Harrison came to my office with Mrs. Pio. Went to Kennedy's office to see why Mrs. Kuntz's license for saloon keeping was revoked. Kennedy said that he had revoked it because she kept a house of ill fame. Kennedy also said that he caught Mrs. Pio in bed there with a son of Mrs. Kuntz. Then I sent Mrs. Kuntz to him, and Kennedy renewed her license. Miss Harrison made the same statement to me the morning she came with Mrs. Pio that she did this morning. Mrs. Kuntz and Mrs. Pio first told me about the chief going to the

HOUSES OF PROSTITUTION.

William Smith testified: As Chief Kennedy and District Attorney McKenna were coming out of Barlow's saloon, I heard the chief say to McKenna, referring to me, "There goes one of the villains; we'll have to fix him." That was after I had testified before the state board.

Peter Cannon, an ex-policeman, said that he had seen John Soul-en building fence for Chief Kennedy. Had seen him at work there three or four times. Had seen him at work both forenoon and afternoon. Didn't see anybody else there at work. Never saw Kennedy under the influence of liquor. Had seen him in saloons.

Chief Kennedy in his own behalf, said: Heard the woman Harrison's statement; it is false in every respect. She never saw me until I went to Mrs. Kuntz' to tell her that her house would have to be abolished; never was in Hattie Swift's; never knew there was such a woman living; a man named Roth came to my office and complained about Mrs. Kuntz' place. He said they kept a saloon down stairs and a house of ill-fame up stairs. I immediately went over to the place. Mrs. Kuntz had gone to Chicago. I found several children and a half-drunk boy in the saloon. They told me how to get up stairs. I went into a back room and found Mrs. Pio and young Kuntz

IN BED TOGETHER.

I said, "Well, you two are doing pretty well," and left the room. Then I went up stairs. Saw the Harrison woman. She opened the door and I pushed my way in. She didn't know who I was. I told her the place would have to be closed. That saloon was closed two days afterward. All of the prostitutes were turned out, and on a promise to keep an orderly place the mayor granted a license to open the saloon again. Never saw the Harrison woman before in my life. Every word of her statement is utterly untrue. When I went to the Kuntz place to see about closing it she did not know me. This morning Dr. Philgren sent for me and said there was a woman who was going to testify against me, and I had better try to settle her. Told him I didn't propose to be blackmailed in that way, she might testify. Young Philgren said that he had intercourse with the Harrison woman in his office this morning, and would swear to it. I say it is not true that I threatened to drive Hattie Swift out of town if she refused to grant me favors. Don't even know who Hattie Swift is.

Latest Labial Amusement.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The fertility and ingenuity of the modern young lady for devising social games in which kissing will form a prominent part is a recognized fact. The expedients and devices adopted are many and various. The latest comes from the west, and is known as the onion-biting party. The rules governing the game are very simple, as will be readily inferred from a description. It is the custom for the girls to go into a darkened room, when one of the party bites a mouthful from an onion. A young man is then admitted, and it is his proud privilege to kiss the batch of girls until he is enabled by the taste to determine which one of them bit the fragrant fruit. If he fails, then they all kiss him, and this is kept up until the discovery is made. Then another gentleman is admitted, and the game is kept up until the stock of onions is exhausted. At a party in Rockland, Ill., recently, a wicked blonde played a high game for kisses. Instead of biting the onion, she dexterously slipped it into her pocket, and the spruce Boston drummer who was summoned to test and find it, had kissed five times around the circle and was beginning again, when a girl, whose jealous lover was outside, discovered the trick, and the game was up.

He Gets the Brand.

[Subject of Illustration.]

John Leviss, aged 24, a machinist was on Tuesday last a prisoner in Justice Semler's Court, Brooklyn, N. Y. He had been arrested on the complaint of Miss Tillie Brand, of No 974 Jefferson street, who alleges that he had failed to keep his promise of marriage. By the request of counsel the examination was held in the Justice's private room. The alleged faithless John swore that it was an attempt to levy blackmail, and that he had never courted the young lady. Miss Brand, on the contrary, swore that John had paid her all the usual attentions of a lover, and that she fully expected to become Mrs. Leviss, as she had thought him a nice young man.

Justice Semler held John in \$500 bail, which he furnished. As he was leaving the room, Miss Brand passionately called out, "Stop, don't let him go; he won't come back." Leviss turned and laughed at her, which so angered Miss Brand that she pulled her gold bracelets off and threw them at her alleged faithless lover's head. One of them struck him in the forehead, but did no damage. Pointing to the bracelet, as they lay on the floor, she said, scornfully, "Those are the presents he gave me."

DUPLEX WEDLOCK.

How John W. Welch is Said To Be Distributing His Talents as a Matrimonial Masher—His Several Wives Object.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 4.—A little over six months ago a comely young man named John W. Welch came from Cleveland to this city and made an engagement with a well known firm as a traveling salesman. He had a pleasing address, and represented himself as a single man. His complexion was fair, his chin whiskers sandy, his forehead high and his tongue exceptionally smooth. He was particularly enthusiastic as an admirer of the girls, and seemed as anxious as a widower to marry. He had made but a few trips for his new employers before he met his new affinity in the person of a Cincinnati girl named Rosa Stinchfield. This was in August. Judge P. J. Nichols, of the Clermont County Probate Court, states that on the 26th of September, 1879, he issued a marriage license to John Welch and Rosa Stinchfield, and Squire C. W. Short, of New Richmond, says that on September 29th he pronounced the marriage ceremony for John Welch and Rosa Stinchfield.

The pair began living at 260 Eastern avenue, and a honeymoon was never more happily begun. Just as the old year was dying and a few weeks after Welch had been discharged by his new employers, letters commenced coming from Cleveland directed to gentlemen in this city who knew Welch, charging that Welch

WAS A BIGAMIST:

that he had a wife and child living in the Forest City. Finally Mrs. Welch No. 1 began writing. In one of her letters she stated that she was the wife of John W. Welch; that she was married to him November 15, 1873; that they were married by Rev. Mr. Burgess, of 763½ Olive street, Cleveland; that Judge Daniel Tilden licensed them, and that the marriage was witnessed by several relatives and friends, whose names and address she gives. She forwarded a photograph of her husband, and the photograph is a likeness of the same chap who has been John W. Welch in Cincinnati, and who is a fresh bridegroom. Mrs. Welch No. 1 gives her residence as on the third floor of 370 Superior street, and represents herself and child as in very destitute circumstances. It is reported that Welch is now in the employ of the Little Miami Railroad, and it is also reported that in this city he had another wife besides the Rosa Stinchfield whom he lately espoused, and that she is the mother of two or three children.

Mrs. Welch, of Cleveland, states in one of her letters that Welch visited her as her husband during last October, a few weeks after the date of his marriage to the Cincinnati girl, and that while with her he said he could not let her go to his home with him then since the firm for which he worked was going to send him to California. He was then earnest in his protestations of fidelity, and promised to send money to the mother of his child immediately after his arrival on the Pacific Slope.

From Cleveland the following particulars have been received: John W. Welch

WAS MARRIED

to Anna E. Stoner November 15, 1873, a license having been taken out and the certificate returned in proper form by the officiating clergyman, Rev. O. Burgess. The ceremony took place at the clergyman's residence on Prospect street, and the witnesses were the present Mrs. T. E. Wood and her sister, Mrs. J. M. Kellogg, then the Misses Arnold. Miss Stoner met Welch at the Arnolds, where both of them boarded. Welch at the time was employed on the Lake Shore Railroad, although his trade was that of a painter. Four years ago he deserted his wife, giving as a reason that his father, who had made his home with them, wanted to go to Cincinnati, and he wished to go with him. There had been some feeling between the older Welch and Mrs. Welch, which undoubtedly led to the separation. A child was born to them a year before the father left. The child is living, and is a fine little girl. Until last October Mrs. Welch had heard nothing of her husband for four years.

At that time she was surprised to have him visit her rooms in the third floor of a Superior street block. He told her he had come to see if she would go with him and live with him again. He said his father was now an invalid, and she would have no more trouble on that score. She said she would return if he would guarantee to support her, and with that

HE LEFT HER,

promising to send her money shortly. On October 23rd he returned and spent Saturday and Sunday nights with her. He professed to be greatly pleased with his daughter, and said that he would make a home for them both in San Francisco, to which place he expected to be sent by the Hall Safe Company. She told him she was in poor circumstances, and begged him to help her. She said her furniture was mortgaged for \$10, and unless she could pay it, it would all be sacrificed. He pretended to her on this, as on the former occasion, that he lived in St. Louis. She heard no more from him, and having learned that he had been employed by the Hall Company she ascertained his whereabouts through the Cleveland agency. She then wrote to the agent at Cincinnati, relating the circumstances of her desertion and asking for aid. A reply was received, stating that Welch had been discharged, and that at any rate he was married to another woman. Mrs. Welch then wrote, asking that he be arrested for his crime, and saying that she would go to Cincinnati to testify when necessary.

Welch has been married three times, having married when a boy, and having deserted his first wife as he did his second. Mrs. Welch takes in washing for support, and has the reputation of being a virtuous but cruelly abused wife. She is in very destitute circumstances. They are both thirty-eight years old. Mrs. Welch is a very plain person.

Medical Domestic Infidelity.

LEBANON, O., Dec. 30.—For several years and up to a few months ago, there has resided near the village

of Freeport, in this county, Doc Smith, an M. D. and the father of a family, and Samuel Smith, the father of his children and husband of Mrs. Smith. Doc Smith had been for many years the family physician at the Sam Smith mansion. Sam had frequently suggested a change of family doctors, but Mrs. Smith soon hammered the idea out of his head. Thus time passed, and Doc Smith, desiring a more extensive field of labor, removed from the rural regions of Freeport to the county of Montgomery. Here he has been practicing his profession and making a living for the Mrs. and little Smiths, apparently unconcerned about Mrs. Smith, his former patient, of Hungry Hollow. One day last week he appeared upon the streets of Lebanon, and was seen to drive out toward Freeport in a buggy, and in the evening to pass through here with a Mrs. Smith other than the one whom he should have had by his side in the buggy. He drove to Carlisle Station, and there took the cars for parts to Samuel Smith et al. unknown. The result is that two Smiths have been ever since in search of a near relative by marriage, and have up to this writing been unsuccessful. Dr. Smith leaves a large medical practice up in Montgomery county, together with a wife and family of little Smiths. Mrs. Smith leaves a hearthstone in Hungry Hollow, together with several domestic cares, which she bequeaths to the aforesaid sad and lonely Sam Smith. Samuel Smith realizes that something out of the usual course of domestic events has happened to his household, and says that he will shoot Dr. Smith dead than an Egyptian obelisk if he ever lays eyes on him.

THE BURLINGTON TRAGEDY.

A Murder and Suicide as Sensational as it was Terrible—"I Love You, Lizzie."

BURLINGTON, Iowa, Dec. 31.—About half past two o'clock this afternoon James R. Woodward shot and killed his brother-in-law, Ed Price, and immediately killed himself, in a barber-shop on the corner of Main and Valley streets. Woodward, who was about twenty-six years old, and unmarried, was born and raised here, and recently has been publisher of the city directory, and engaged in selling railroad tickets as a scalper. For over a year he has occupied a small corner in the barber-shop named, the location being desirable and adapted to his business, and in the heart of the business part of the city. Price was a young fellow well known about town, a machinist by trade, and was employed in the Murray iron-works, where his father is also employed. Woodward was the only son of W. E. Woodward, ex-mayor of this city, at present a justice of the peace, and a resident of this city for over thirty years, a man held in the highest esteem, and of unblemished character.

Family troubles are said to be the cause of this terrible tragedy. Price, it is alleged, having seduced an adopted daughter of Squire Woodward and married her. It is asserted that Price maltreated his wife to such an extent that she separated from him shortly after the

BIRTH OF A CHILD, going back to her adopted parents. Price taking the infant to the home of his own parents. Jimmy Woodward was much attached to this sister, with whom he was raised, and keenly felt the neglect and ill treatment bestowed upon her by Price, and had several altercations with the latter on that account. Some two months ago, on a Sunday, a fist fight occurred on the street between the two. Price worsted Woodward, the latter vowing he would get even, and warning the former never to cross his threshold or he would kill him. This afternoon Price entered a saloon on Main street, took a glass of whisky, and remarked that he was going into Jimmy's office to see if he had any grit. As he entered the shop Woodward told him to stop; but, paying no attention, Price advanced. A second and third command to stop or get out was given, when Woodward drew a revolver and fired, the ball entering the neck near the spinal column, and Price fell dead on his face.

The barber-shop was full of customers, who were affrighted and shocked by the bloody tragedy, and while all were stunned and motionless the murderer coolly stepped back to his desk, opened a pocket-book, took out two slips of paper, walked to the stove and threw them in, waving one of the occupants back, and with his hand raised the same revolver to his head and

SHOT HIMSELF

back of the ear, falling dead within ten feet of his victim. Intense excitement was immediately created and the street was filled with people, who surrounded the building, but the police took charge, locked up the room, and an inquest was held, developing only the facts above mentioned. One of Woodward's papers was withdrawn from the stove only partially burned, and on it was written: "I love you, Lizzie," and then the name of Lizzie was written at least twenty times.

What was destroyed in those papers no one knows or can conjecture, nor can any motive be assigned for such a procedure, as he had reputation and character above any crookedness in business. Woodward was a man of unusually quiet disposition, though of strong passions and great determination, and those that knew him say that this terrible deed was fully in accordance with his recognized character. The deepest sympathy is felt for Squire Woodward and his family, who are so well known here, as for the Price family, who only recently came to this city.

Lynched by Mistake.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Jan. 7.—A special despatch from Lake Providence says:—City Marshal Maguire was shot and killed while attempting to arrest a number of flatboat men. Five men were arrested on suspicion and placed under guard. On Monday night several of Maguire's relatives broke into the prison and opened fire, wounding every prisoner, two of them mortally. The Coroner's inquest discovered that the murderer of Maguire—a man named James Brown—had not been arrested, but had escaped in a skiff. The men killed and wounded by Maguire's relatives were innocent.

A CRUEL COUNTESS.

The Romance of Riccardo and Giovanna
That is Now Agitating the City of
the Golden Gate.

THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

Man and Wife in Name Only—As Usual,
the Course of True Love Does
Not Run Smooth.

SEPARATION, RECONCILIATION, FLIGHT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. Jan. 1.—Proceedings in a divorce suit, which have been commenced in this city by Riccardo Lucchesi against Giovanna Lucchesi, are likely to prove of international interest, owing to a counter-petition for the annulment of the same marriage by the lady's mother in Bologna, Italy. Never was a marriage, in prose or verse, in fiction or fact, surrounded by more peculiar circumstances or invested with more romance than this one, the principals to which have been man and wife in name only, and are now on opposite sides of the ocean, striving for a separation. Giovanna Lucchesi, nee Venturelli, is step-daughter of the Count Barrilis, consul for Italy in this city. Riccardo Lucchesi is the son of a Bologna banker, and came to this city a few years ago. He found California and Pine street financing of a nature so foreign to the methods practiced by Italian bankers, that he managed, in endeavoring to master the erratic science, to relieve himself of even the liberal allowance of

"The scion of an ancient house,
But not of noble blood, am I, sir.

But this is anticipating why, when this modern Romeo and Juliet loved, not alone the Montagues and Capulets contended, but justice itself, in Italy and California, adjusts her scales to a finer point, relaxes the rigidity of her sword arm, and peeps cautiously through the interstices of

HER EYE BANDAGES.

that her opponent may gain no advantage in her most hotly-contested battle-ground—international law. About three years ago, Riccardo met Giovanna in the home of her stepfather and mother, Count and Countess Diego Barrilis, in Oakland, the Pacific Athens, which the count naturally chose as his home while acting as Italian consul to this port. The story of their acquaintance, friendship and love is quickly told. The consul and his family did not honor society much with their presence. Riccardo was about the only young gentleman known to Giovanna, who was called, to save time, Nina. Riccardo was known then to the countess as a young man of means, and was justly enough encouraged in his plainly growing affection for Nina. Did he neglect to call for a few days he was chidingly summoned by the countess to her daughter's side. He was met at the railway station by the countess and her daughter in the family carriage. A drive through the elm-shaded avenues—the scrub-oak-lined streets, in fact—brought the party to the family mansion, where the young couple would be left alone to amuse themselves with music and conversation, while mamma continued on her way rejoicing in some convenient duty. What wonder that they loved? Happy children of sunny Italy meeting together in a far-off, though kindred clime, constantly together, with identical thoughts and aspirations. Surely Cupid was practicing

HIS LITTLE ARCHERY GAME

on his own chosen range. Nina was dark, handsome, and nineteen. Riccardo was light, handsome, and twenty-five. She was like the maiden in the story who sang:

"When he is here, I sigh with pleasure;
When he is gone, I sigh with grief."

And her mother was ever wont to indulge her daughter's wish for Riccardo's presence. Need more be said? He proposed marriage, and was accepted—by the whole family. Nina said: "Dick,"—of course she didn't say Dick, though Riccardo is Italian for Richard—"Riccardo, I love thee!" The count said: "Take her, my son, and be happy." The countess said: "Bless you, my children." And thus, like the inflowing tide through the Golden Gate, before its course had been disturbed by the mining debris from the Sacramento river, consummated the first chapter in a romance which may yet tax the diplomatic tact of our minister to Italy.

With sullen clouds and whistling winds and the roar of distant breakers is the second chapter ushered in. To Riccardo, in San Francisco, is one day conveyed, by that lightning apparatus known as the "Oakland mail" a note from the countess telling him that henceforward he and her daughter must be as strangers. With that consideration and respect for a parent's dictates which are observable in the Italian gentleman, Riccardo sorrowfully tried to force himself to accept what appeared to be inevitable. But all his firmness and good resolve were shattered by a note from Nina, saying that she was dying for her Riccardo. Riccardo answered by note, arranging for an interview. Without him her heart would break, she said, and to prevent that

UNPLEASANT OCCURRENCE

they sought a justice of the peace, and on December 12, 1878, were married. Married at last! "Riccardo!" "Giovanna!" They flew into each other's arms, and only separated at a gentle hint from the justice that in conformance with custom, he seldom executed even such a delightful task without a slight consideration. Nina returned at once to her home, and Riccardo proceeded to cool his joyously-throbbing brow in the briny mists of the return ferry trip. As the justice of the peace had been sworn to solemn secrecy, it was at least three days before the San Francisco morning papers published the news of the marriage for the Oakland papers to copy. But the news was published, and the whistling winds grew

more fierce, the sullen clouds lowered and burst midst vivid lightning and crashing thunders, and the roar of the awful breakers were no longer distant. In other words, the countess, hearing of her plans being thwarted, began active battle at once. Riccardo was summoned and explained. He said that he and the maid had wed only as a guarantee that at some time in the future they should again come together. He was willing that for the present the public should be told that they had not wed, but only complied with a custom of Italy which usually preceded the wedding and amounted but to a betrothal.

The countess would hear of no such compromise. She had suddenly determined that Nina should not marry Riccardo, and she was determined that even now they should never be more than in name

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Whether her sudden revulsion of feeling was caused by Riccardo's lack of success in the mart, where the bull and bear together browse on the verdant stranger, it is not positively known—only conjectured. Then Riccardo became authoritative, and commanded his wife to come with him, or bid him good-by forever. Nina, in tears, could do neither, and the interview ended with a quarrel between Riccardo and the count. A few days' lull in the battle of conflicting authorities followed. Then the countess visited Riccardo at his apartments in this city, and demanded from him a return of certain letters, which showed her consent to the marriage. One of these she obtained and destroyed; others Riccardo still possesses. Another visit from the countess was of an entirely different nature. She fell upon Riccardo's neck and embraced him and said: "My son, for a few days let my daughter hear or see nothing of you. She is prostrate with excitement. In a week come and claim her, and altogether we will go to Italy and be happy." To this harmless arrangement Riccardo consented and patiently waited

THE PRESCRIBED TIME

to elapse. In a few days a friend informed him that the countess and her daughter had left for Italy. Riccardo for the moment was without funds and powerless to act. He daily expected a remittance from home, but the draft would come through the Italian consul. He sent his lawyer to the consul and demanded the draft, which, he had been informed by a letter had been sent; and was assured that nothing awaited him. He learned, however, that the draft had been received and returned to Italy.

Riccardo, in despair, heard of his bride and her heartless mother in Paris, and he, through the count's action, unable to follow them. He wrote the minister of foreign affairs at Rome, and complained of Count Diego Barrilis' action. He wrote to his father for funds and wrote to his relentless mamma-in-law for mercy, and then resignedly awaited events. From Count Carroll he received reply that Count Barrilis had acted in an undiplomatic manner; from his papa he received a check, but from his mamma-in-law he received

NOTHING.

While waiting to learn of his wife's whereabouts, he was astounded to hear from his native city, Bologna, that proceedings for the annulment of the marriage had been instituted.

Next Riccardo was plunged into the depths of despair at hearing that his Nina was in a French convent. From the depths of despair he was raised—jerked, one might almost say—to the height of desperation at hearing that Nina was about to marry another. This was the awful truth which awoke Riccardo from his romantic love to a realization that he had been wilfully deserted. In Italy such an action as the countess was endeavoring to have taken against him is equivalent to a deep reproach on its name. This was his reason for commencing his action for divorce, and then the diplomatic correspondence regarding the right of an Italian authority annulling a marriage on the grounds of illegality which had been made in strict compliance with the laws of California and the United States. Riccardo's action in suing for a divorce still further complicated matters, as his lawyers presented to the Bologna tribunal Riccardo's objections to having the marriage annulled under any other law than that by which it was contracted. The matter excites an

UNUSUAL INTEREST

in Italy, as it comes up just at a time when there is a heated debate progressing regarding the Moncini divorce bill. In this city, in the meanwhile, Count Barrilis, left without the watchful care and guidance of his wife, fared badly. Upon hearing, through his father, of the action the court had taken with the much-needed remittance, Riccardo went to the consulate and insulted the count in the hope of provoking a duel. But in this he was unsuccessful. The count, hearing of the correspondence between Riccardo and the minister of foreign affairs, began to grow uneasy. His uneasiness and his desire to leave the country were both increased upon the news of the intended visit to this port of the Italian gunboat Victor Pisan, commanded by the duke of Genoa, brother to the queen of Italy. The cause of the latter anxiety is reported as follows: Several years ago when Count Barrilis was consul at Yokohama, the duke of Genoa visited the port and received some slight from Barrilis. An apology was demanded from the consul, which he evaded and fled to Italy. There he managed to retrieve his failing political fortunes by marrying a French woman, Madame Amelie Venturelli, a favorite of Victor Emmanuel, and the mother of the Nina of our country. He escaped meeting the duke of Genoa; and now having no desire to see him, the consul departed for Rome a few weeks ago.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Our gallery is this week enriched by a striking likeness of Miss Maude Blanchard, a great favorite of the burlesque and variety stage, well known to amusement goers. She has a pretty face, an engaging manner, and possesses a singularly symmetrical and neatly fashioned figure. As an actress, vocalist and dancer she has abilities which have made her a decided attraction.

THE MARTINS' MESS.

The Ingredients Being a Libertine, a Strumpet, and a Wife Who Knows Too Much—A Case of Utter Shamelessness.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 1.—A regular spectator at a police court is constantly witnessing humanity in the various grades of depravity, and naturally enough becomes inured to crime in all its phases. He is seldom, however, treated to a presentation of such utter shamelessness as that displayed before Justice Wallace on yesterday morning by three persons, two of whom have endeavored to make at least a slight show of respectability. The trio were Marmaduke Dent Martin, salesman in Risser & Reitz's saddlery establishment, at No. 505 Lake street; Mrs. Marmaduke Dent Martin, nee Julia Wood, late of a respectable household at Aurora, Ind., and Kit Martin, prostitute, illegally related to the male Martin, first mentioned. The cause of the presence of this remarkable triumvirate before the judicial bar was a disgraceful street brawl in which the male Martin and Kit played the part of principals, and Mrs. Martin that of an interested spectator, for which a police officer, Tom Curtin, arrested the two former and lodged them in the armory on a charge of disorderly conduct. Mrs. Martin was in attendance at the examination, for no apparent purpose save that of adding her say to a dirty scandal, and confessing herself a veritable

FEMALE CUCKOLD.

After the formal arraignment of the defendants, Officer Curtin was called upon to relate his story, upon which hinged the scandal. In a plain, official way, he stated that on Saturday afternoon he had come upon the combatants while they were engaged in a hair-pulling match on Lake street, near Clark. The male Martin claimed to have been assaulted by Kit, who threatened to shoot him. To make sure as to who was in fault, he determined to take both into custody, and submit the decision of the matter to his honor.

Kit was then given an opportunity to tell a story, which, while little different from that almost daily repeated in the same court, is of interest in connection with the case. She was sober, and seemed to realize her degradation, but her feelings had not prevented her from donning a "loud," though rich costume before leaving her "boarding-house." Briefly told, her story was: Eight years ago she was an honest, virtuous servant girl in Cincinnati hotel. At that time she met Martin, and principally on account of the attentions bestowed upon her, she became enamored of him. He was a traveling man for a wholesale house, and was at the house very often. During one of those visits he

ACCOMPLISHED HER RUIN,

after which they lived together. An early fruit of the union was a child, which added to their bliss. Time came, however, when Martin grew distant, and finally he demanded that she surrender the child to him. She entreated him to allow her to keep it, but he was firm in his purpose, and she gave it up. Since then she had never seen it, although she had been assured that it was alive and well. Soon after Martin almost forsook her, and she was forced to enter upon a life of shame. She came to Chicago, and had been living the life of a wanton since then. As soon as Martin found that she was caring for herself he followed her, and up to a short time ago was visiting her in the capacity of "lover." She thought pretty well of him notwithstanding his treatment of her, and she adopted his name. A few days ago she learned that Martin was keeping a woman at his rooms at No. 41 South Clark street, and she thought she had a right to know who the person was. She accordingly went to Martin's store and asked him about the matter. He replied by putting her out of the store. On Saturday she met him and

THE WOMAN IN QUESTION

on Lake street, and, accosting him, she demanded an explanation. Then ensued the difficulty for which she was arrested.

The male Martin was then introduced, and made a show of himself. He admitted that he had sustained improper relations to the woman, but he was not her seducer. He had met her at the hotel, and had taken her out, but he was convinced that she had been out on the previous night with a gambler boarding at the hotel. A child was born while they lived together, but he had some doubts as to the identity of the father. He had visited her frequently at the various houses at which she boarded, but as soon as he became engaged to Miss Wood he left off calling on her.

At this point Kit desired an opportunity to introduce testimony to prove that Martin had stopped with her at her "boarding-house" on last Monday night, but his honor thought it was unnecessary, as he believed her statement. Kit also expressed a doubt as to the truth of Martin's assertions that he was married. Then Mrs. Marmaduke Dent Martin

GOT IN HER WORK.

She began by pitching a certificate of marriage to the judge, which related that Julia Wood and Marmaduke Dent Martin had been legally "joined" at Niles, Mich., on Dec. 19. Proceeding, the female Martin asserted, with a contemptuous toss of the head, that she was well aware of her husband's connection with the woman standing near her previous to their marriage. He had told her all, and she had married him with a full knowledge of his shortcomings. She knew what she was doing, or thought she did; but she wanted Kit put in a place where she would not be likely to shoot her, as she had threatened to do.

His honor declared himself surprised with the disgraceful mess, and ordered a halt at this point. After taking advantage of the opportunity to pay Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Dent Martin a very warm, left-handed compliment, his honor said he would require the defendants to furnish bonds in the sum of \$500 each to keep the peace for one year. They promptly furnished the required sureties, and were allowed to go.

He Got Away.

[With Portrait.]

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 1.—A noted and successful confidence operator, whose right name is Malchon M.

Hamilton, came very near being safely jugged. Hamilton has been working his games all over the Western country for some time. Sometimes he has represented himself as the agent of Mrs. Rabb, a wealthy and large cattle owner of Texas, but more generally he has taken the name of George Shadleigh, the younger one of the Shadleigh brothers, who own a large cattle herd in Nebraska, and whom he greatly resembles in size and features, and movements. Hamilton, it is said, has been engaged extensively in the stealing of Indian ponies.

About the 1st of last November he put in an appearance at the Spotted Tail Indian Agency, representing himself as George Shadleigh. He made a contract with Mr. Newman, the government beef contractor, to deliver 400 head of cattle to him on the 22d of November. Newman then introduced him to O. M. Carter, the post trader, formerly of Ashland, Nebraska, who let him have \$250 in money and a bill of goods, all amounting to about \$400.

MASK AND DOMINO.

The Magnificent and Unparalleled Manner in Which the Opera Season was Brought to a Close—Young New York Indulges in a Night of Unlimited License.

[With Illustrations.]

The Masquerade Ball given at the Academy of Music on Monday night last must be classed as one of the most extravagant that has ever been given in New York. The interior of the building had been transformed into a tropical garden. The outer vestibule in itself, with its entrances framed in evergreen and adorned with flowers, was sufficient to hold attention, but when one passed into the main corridor and, looking to the right and the left, saw nothing but a vista of palms, the broad stairways looking like the entrances to grottoes and the great promenades lined on either side with the choicest embellishments of floral art, the scene quickly impressed itself as a poetic fancy that did not release its hold throughout the night. You saw only a dense mass of foliage, plants of every description, Spanish moss, intertwined with laurel and cypress, hanging gracefully in arches over the doorways, and orange trees blooming with the ripe fruit as if they would invite the plucking hand of the passing guest.

ABLAZE WITH LIGHT,

kaleidoscopic in the colors of costumes, rich in the fancies of the toilet which the most elegant of our citizens of both sexes chose to exhibit, and people everywhere picturesque, the spectacle was one that will be memorable. But for the masqueraders themselves. The arrivals were slow and it was not until near midnight before the crowd began to come in earnest.

During the earlier part of the evening the revelry was of a very tame order, and dancing was only moderately indulged in. Towards morning the effect of the wines which were freely indulged in at the tables in Nilsson Hall, began to show itself and a wild license became the order, and the disciples of

THE CAN CAN

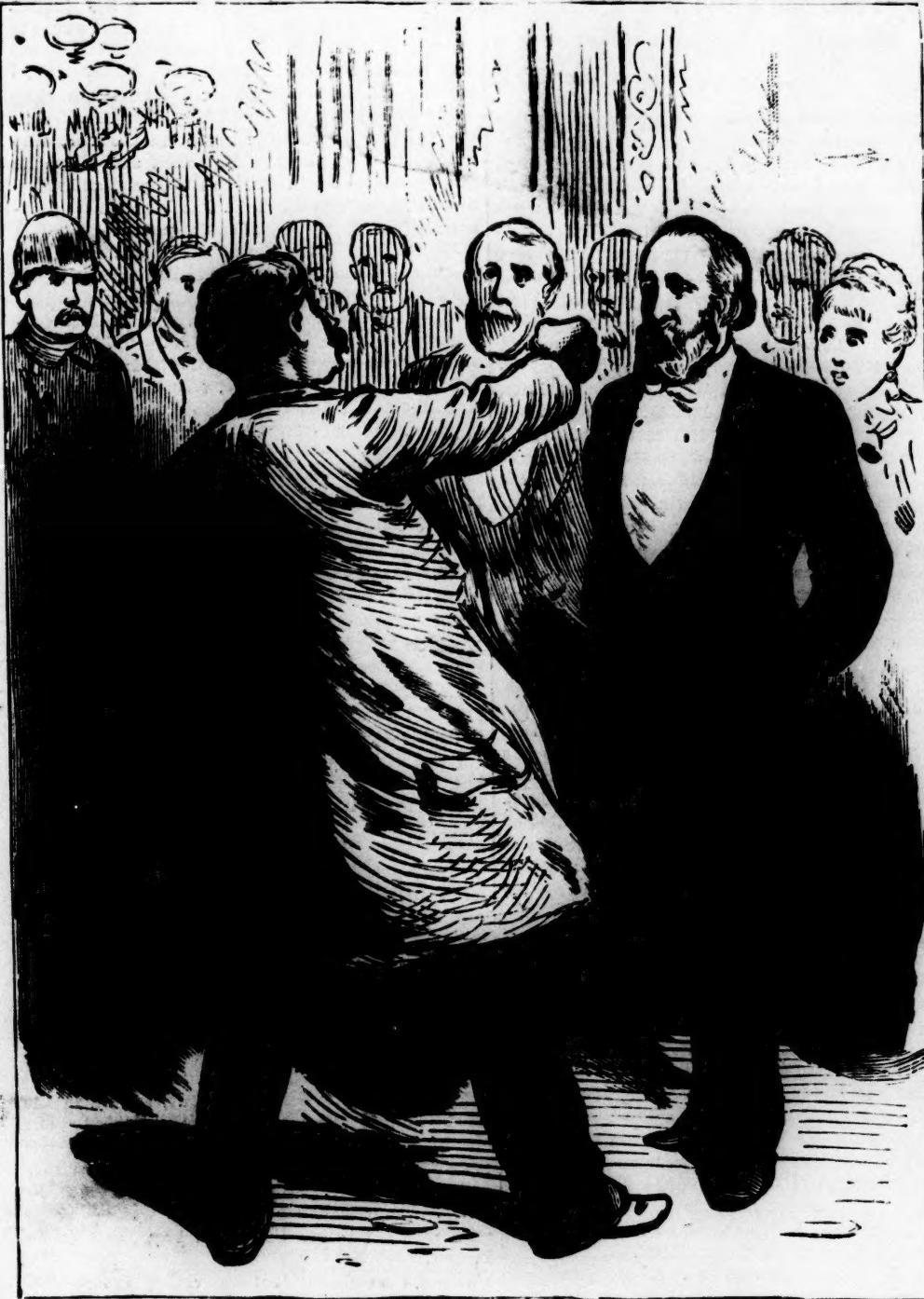
began to come to the front, and indulged in some very sensuous and lascivious contortions, which brought a blush to many a fair cheek.

The managers had arranged for a series of novel, and to a great extent, original groupings, which were introduced at intervals during the evening. They were intended to be of a brilliancy and gorgeousness not heretofore seen in New York. From the manner in which these ideas were carried out it can hardly be said that they exactly coincided with the original intentions of the designers. The principal grouping was of an Egyptian character, and admitted of a very liberal display of female anatomy. The lateness of the hour when it was brought forward coupled with too generous potations of wine may possibly be an excuse for the very great license taken by the persons who participated in it. To say that it degenerated into a wild and drunken orgie conveys but a very faint idea of the way in which it was conducted.

The display of costumes made by the ladies were very elegant and varied all of whom with few exceptions wore masks. The gentlemen generally wore neither dominoes nor masks, but promenaded the building from end to end in search of friends. The cases of mistaken identity were very numerous. With visions of the mishaps related in "Pink Dominoes," "Contempt of Court," and other well known comedies before them, it was noticeable that the married gentlemen were particularly sedate until they were positively sure that they did or did not know who the fair ensorress were. A few cases of the stern, but yet

DECKITFUL HUSBAND,

who make it a practice to tell their wives that business of importance would detain them at their offices for that particular night, and that they would be unable to fulfill their promise of going to the masquerade, were noticeable during the evening. On an other page our artist has happily reproduce one such *contretemps*. A well-known and highly respected Wall street broker, who is noted for his gallantry to the fair sex, had promised to accompany his wife. For several days previously he had been planning how he should be able to go and yet not take her with him, as he knew from previous experiences that he would have a considerably better time if he could only manage to leave her at home. A brilliant idea suddenly flashed into his head. He would try the old scheme, that had often stood him in hand, and at once he dispatched a messenger with a note to his wife stating that an important business transaction had necessitated his presence in Philadelphia, and he regretted very much that he and she must forego the pleasure of being present at the masked ball. The good little wife at once conceived the idea that her opportunity had arrived to have one night's stolen pleasure, and made her preparations accordingly. Our readers can picture to themselves more vividly than we can pen it the scene that ensued when the husband discovered his wife in one of the corridors of the Academy indulging in a *lille-atele*, clad in a costume which admitted of a more liberal display of her person and charms than he considered should be consistent with true wifely modesty.



THE PRESIDENT PUBLICLY INSULTED—COL. DE AHNA, THE DEPOSED CUSTOMS COLLECTOR AT SITKA, ALASKA, MAKES AN ASSAULT ON PRESIDENT HAYES AT THE WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION ON NEW YEAR'S DAY; WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 5.



DOWN AN EMBANKMENT—AN EXPRESS TRAIN JUMPS THE TRACK, THROWING A SLEEPING CAR TO THE RIVER SEVENTY FEET BELOW, BY WHICH SEVERAL PASSENGERS WERE INJURED; NEAR ST. PAUL, MINN.—SEE PAGE 4.



LATEST LABIAL AMUSEMENT—THE ONION PARTY—AN INGENIOUS GAME, THAT IS NOW ALL THE RAGE AT WESTERN SOCIAL GATHERINGS, IN WHICH THE GENTLEMEN ARE REQUIRED TO KISS ALL ROUND THE CIRCLE TO DISCOVER THE YOUNG LADY WHO HAS BITTEN AN ONION: ROCKLAND, ILL.—SEE PAGE 6.



NEW YORK'S GAS-LIT LIFE—MIDNIGHT PICTURES OF METROPOLITAN SIGHTS, SCENES AND CHARACTERS—IN A FIVE-CENT LODGING HOUSE—THE BLOATED HUMAN SPIDER AND THE DRUNKEN FLIES—RUM BESOTTED WRETCHES—A TERRIBLE AND VIVID PICTURE OF VICE, MISERY AND DEGRADATION—THE CLUB AS AN AGENT OF DOMESTIC PEACE—THE DOWNWARD ROAD THAT LEADS TO DESTRUCTION—SARAH THE UNKNOWN—THE RIBALD SONG THAT ENDS WITH DELIRIUM TREMENS.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY GAZETTE ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 14.]

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

A Miscellaneous Collection of Suicides,
Murders and Robberies which were
Committed During the Week.

ST. LOUIS GANG OF DESPERADOES.

HORSE THIEF ARRESTED.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 2.—Al Bell, a horse-thief from Platteville, Neb., was arrested here to-day on a description, with the stolen horse in his possession.

A CONFESSION MURDERER.

LANSING, IOWA, Jan. 2.—The city marshal to-day turned over to the sheriff of Dakota City, Neb., Tom Walker, a half-breed, who confessed to the killing of two white men in cold blood near the agency, in May last.

STREET SLAUGHTER.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 2.—At Laredo, on the Rio Grande, a woman and man were shot in the head. A general street row followed, and another Mexican was killed and an American wounded. The cause was jealousy.

A SOLDIER SUICIDES.

FORT SHAW, M. T., Dec. 24.—Charles Burleigh, of Co. B., 3rd Infantry, at Fort Missoula, M. T., committed suicide by shooting himself through the temple, only living four minutes after firing the fatal shot. He was a promising young man, and a fine soldier. He had just re-enlisted. Burleigh came to the regiment in the spring of 1878 from Governor's Island. There has been no cause assigned for the rash act.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Jan. 2.—Zekie Marshall and Charles Rea got into a quarrel here to-day about a woman. They finally retired to a room to themselves and renewed the quarrel. Rea advanced upon his adversary, placing his hands upon his hips as if in the act of drawing a weapon. Marshall picked up an old army musket near by and shot his companion through the bowels, killing him almost instantly. The accused immediately fled but was captured a few hours later.

DESACRATING THE DEAD.

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 2.—There is great excitement among the negroes here over the discovery of a body, partly dissected, in an old soap factory, supposed to be the remains of William Johnston, a prominent citizen of Cobb county. His grave was robbed a few days since, and Geo. Vaughn (colored) janitor of the Atlanta Medical college, convicted of stealing the body, has been fined \$600. One thousand negroes gathered around the soap factory to-day and gave vent to great indignation.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

DIXON, Ill., Jan. 2.—A bold burglary was committed here last night. The grocery store of Morris & Son was entered through the outside cellar-way. The robbers secured between \$200 and \$300 worth of tobacco and cigars. The loss was not discovered until the store was opened in the morning about 7 o'clock. Then calling City Marshall Woodyatt a warrant was procured to search Mrs. Horn's saloon. Officers here found most of the goods, and also arrested Frank Horn, Walter Horn, and Frank Decker, whom they found there, and Mrs. Horn for receiving stolen goods.

IN CALIFORNIA THIS TIME.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan. 2.—The extended list of official defaulters of this city was added to to-day. A few days before Christmas Gideon M. Berry, the bookkeeper of ex-Sheriff Nunan, left the city, ostensibly for the purpose of making a short visit to the country. He failed to return within the time set for his jaunt, and this excited the suspicion of the ex-Sheriff who, as soon as possible, procured the opening of the fire-proof safe in which were stored the books and valuables supposed to be in his possession. An examination revealed the fact that Berry had been systematically plundering the funds in his custody, and that he was in the habit of manipulating the account, so as to make them appear correct. So far as can be ascertained the defalcation certainly exceeds \$20,000, and it is probable that he has succeeded in making away with a much larger sum, which his peculiar method of bookkeeping will not permit tracing. Owing to the neglect of the ex-Sheriff to compel Berry to renew his bonds on the occasion of his (the Sheriff's) re-election, the latter will be compelled to bear all the loss. It has been learned that Berry was for some time engaged in speculating in stocks, which have recently heavily declined, and his defalcation is accounted for in this manner. His friends claim to believe that he has committed suicide, but the authorities think that he has fled eastward.

THE DEPOT OF DEATH.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 4.—For more than two years there have been, from time to time, mysterious disappearances of travelers in the vicinity of the relay depot on the east side of the river. All the railroads which cross the bridge enter that depot from different directions, coming, most of them, over sloughs and ponds, or through heavy brush. In most of these mysterious disappearances, the travelers have been lost sight of on trains just leaving the depot. In most cases, too, those who disappeared were men well advanced in life, and bearing about them evidence of wealth. There has just developed a case which the officers think affords a clue to all these mysteries. Dr. D. J. Bernays, a prominent physician of this city, was a passenger on an out-going train.

Just as they were pulling out from the relay depot into a desolate tract of brush and ponds, a man entered the car whom the doctor took to be a brakeman. The fellow stepped up to him and asked where he was going. The doctor replied, whereupon the stranger, in an authoritative tone, told him he would have to take the other car. The doctor started to comply, and when on the platform, was suddenly seized and overpowered by the man and two comrades who sprang up from the steps. The doctor made a desperate defense, and clung to the railing. Just as he was losing his grip, the door opened and a brakeman stepped out. The miscreants leaped from the train, and the doctor was helped back into the car. It is theory that a gang of desperadoes has been luring travelers out on the platform in the darkness, throwing them off, then robbing, killing, and burying at leisure.

A RESPECTABLE FORGER.

The Contractor for the Brooklyn Bridge Wire Lodged in the Tombs for Placing Other People's Names Upon his Drafts.

On Monday afternoon Receiver S. V. White, of the suspended Grocers' Bank, of this city, caused the arrest of J. Lloyd Haigh, the principal debtor to the bank, on charges of forgery. The indictment of Mr. Haigh by the Grand Jury was for forgery in the third degree. Forgeries in the first and second degrees are forgeries of securities, deeds, and other enumerated kinds of documents. The third degree of the crime consists in the forgery of negotiable or bank paper. The penalty is imprisonment at hard labor, not to exceed five years. It is said by some of those who feel aggrieved at Mr. Haigh's actions that he was indicted on one case of alleged forgery, so that he could be arrested and held, but that the Grand Jury are to consider other cases.

THE DRAFT

on which the indictment was made is drawn, in the usual form of such documents, upon Messrs. C. Sidney Norris & Co., of Baltimore, and the forgery consists of the writing of the latter firm's name across the face as an acceptance. The warrant for Mr. Haigh's arrest was given to Detective Fields & O'Connor, of the District Attorney's office, who found him at his office in John street. They took him to the District Attorney's office and afterward lodged him in the Tombs, where he was assigned to cell 39.

The cashier of the Market National Bank was the first person who discovered that there was an irregularity in the paper offered for discount. He said: "Mr. Haigh came to us on December 24 and desired to open an account. He was introduced by one of the largest of our depositors, and had other good references. He offered for deposit \$19,000 in western acceptances, which, upon reference to the Mercantile Agency, were found to be Al houses. Upon further investigation, however, we found that none of these notes were made payable at the bank, and we sent letters to these people asking about the acceptances. On the morning of December 26 we received a telegram from two of these firms saying that any paper purporting to be theirs that we held

WAS FORGED.

We found, on looking at Haigh's account, that he had sufficient funds to his credit to cover the amount paid, and this amount was charged to his account. We then sent for him to come to the bank, and would have arrested him at once, but we found that the Grocers' Bank was largely interested. When Haigh came to the bank he said that if there was any irregularity in the paper it must be in his Chicago house, and that he did a large business at Chicago, and the principal books were kept in the New York office. He received accounts of sales every month from his Chicago house, and he then drew his drafts on the persons indebted and sent them to the Chicago house for acceptance. The Chicago house had them accepted and returned them to the New York office, and whatever irregularity there was in the paper must be an irregularity caused in the Chicago house, and that he would make arrangements to send an agent that night to investigate the matter. We immediately put some very searching questions to him, and he found that we were forcing him into a corner, and

HE AT ONCE CONFERRED

that he had altered a large amount of this paper—upwards of \$100,000—most of it to the Grocers' Bank. We had an officer to take him into custody, our purpose being to arrest him immediately, but before doing so we sent for the officers of the Grocers' Bank and at their request turned him over to them. They thought they might be able to get his business into shape to protect themselves if he was not arrested immediately. When we turned him over to them we did it upon condition that they should keep him under surveillance and that whatever arrangements were made should be made to protect all holders of this forged paper. It is now claimed that the amount of forged paper is over \$125,000.

On Tuesday forenoon, Mr. Haigh was taken before Judge Gildersleeve, in the Court of General Sessions, and held in \$25,000 bail.

New Year's Festivities.

Peter Arheim, a saloon keeper at 2,279 First avenue, New York, is now confined to his bed in consequence of injuries received on New Year's night. About 10 P. M. Thursday, George Bounty, William Anderson and William Jackson, three colored youths, entered his place, obtained drinks and on asking for more were turned out. They kicked the front door in, as is charged, and afterward battled with the proprietor and his bar-tender, William Hannam. Clubs and chairs were used for weapons, and in a short time Mr. Arheim fell and was carried from the scene of action. The attacking party, it is alleged, after wrecking the window panes and glassware in the saloon, retired. They were subsequently arrested and committed until such time as the proprietor of the saloon is able to put in an appearance.

SIMPLY FADED AWAY.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Young Lady—Supposed to have been Murdered while Undergoing "an Operation."

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 5.—On New Year's day, a pretty girl of nineteen called upon the mind-reader, Mrs. Grace Courtland, residing at 210 South Ninth street, this city. "Get your cards quick, for I can't stay long," said the girl, who trembled and seemed impatient. Mrs. Courtland, according to her story, after explaining that she did not handle cards, but simply relied upon the impressions of the mind, said to the girl: "I know that you are in great trouble. You are single, and you are in a delicate condition; and, moreover, the man who caused your trouble is married, and you think of doing another wrong act: but I warn you that its result would be fatal." The girl burst into sobs and acknowledged the truth of all.

After much difficulty the mind-reader exacted a promise from the girl that she would return and confide her trouble to her mother in Chester, near this city. Her name, she said, was Miss Ash. For three months she had been coming weekly to Philadelphia for medicine prescribed for her by John Goff, keeper of the Steamboat Hotel in Chester. The stuff had corroded her teeth. Goff had urged her to

SUBMIT TO AN OPERATION

by a "Doctor" who knew his business. He was to pay the doctor \$50. Her excuse to her mother for leaving home so often was that she was seeking employment.

Learning that Goff was to meet Henrietta next day at the doctor's, the mind-reader directed her to write informing him that she was staying with her. The girl did so, but signed a masculine name—"Henry Ash"—to the letter. She stayed at Mrs. Courtland's until the next day, when Goff—a short, stout man of thirty-eight—called for Miss Ash. "She is here," said the mind-reader, "and unless you instantly provide to take her to her mother I'll have you arrested." Goff tried to bribe Mrs. Courtland to "say nothing about it," offering her two fifty dollar bills. He was determined to have the operation performed, and remarked that the doctor who would do it "couldn't be beaten at such work."

Mrs. Courtland was about sending for an officer when the girl appeared on the scene, and piteously begged that she might not be exposed. Mrs. Courtland yielded upon receiving Goff's promise to take

THE GIRL

home at once. The pair departed, but Mr. Courtland, being suspicious, got her nephew, Leonard Davis, to follow and watch them. He saw them enter No. 514 Pine street, familiarly known as the "Eclectic Medical University and Museum of Anatomy," but really the office of the notorious dealer in bogus university diplomas and an alleged professional abortionist, Dr. John Buchanan. Goff immediately returned, leaving the girl there, and took the train for Chester.

Mrs. Courtland at once submitted her information to the Chief of Police. When the doctor was subsequently called upon by a reporter acquainted with the above facts, and abruptly asked to tell what he had done with the girl, he changed color, and seemed embarrassed. At first, he denied any knowledge of the circumstances, but the investigator, insisting that he knew better, and intimating that he would call in an officer who was waiting outside, the usually

COOL AND SHREWD

Buchanan for the moment forgot himself in his evident trepidation, and admitted that the girl had been there, and that he, himself, had performed an operation upon her. She had been sent, he said, to No. 918 Fairmount avenue, a house kept by a Miss Sayre, who made a business of providing for women in a delicate condition.

The people at the house mentioned by the doctor, denied that such a patient had been received there. The doctor, too, being called upon a second time by the reporter, repeated that the address was correct. Being told of the denial made by the tenants, he answered nervously and impatiently: "I shall not talk further with you. I know nothing about the matter—nothing. Sit down a moment," and, calling some one from another room, he referred to the individual as his lawyer, saying that he would answer further questions for him; but the man refused to say who he was, or give any other explanation than that he would answer questions for the doctor, from whom nothing further could be learned.

Thus far the friends of the girl have searched for her vainly. It is supposed she was killed, and her body buried or cut up, and packed in a box, and hid away.

A Parson's Pickle.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 2.—The Rev. Louis Buttner, a young Congregational clergyman, preaching about six miles north of this city, was arrested on a charge of bastardy, preferred by Miss Eva Norden. The prosecuting witness is the daughter of Seymour Norden, who was for eight years auditor of Adams county. Mr. Norden was a prominent and at one time a wealthy citizen of Decatur. His daughter Miss Eva, is young, pretty and attractive. Her form

would be the envy of a sculptor—or a minister. She was thrown on her own resources, and came to this city in search of employment. She secured work as a house servant, in which capacity she met Buttner, who, she alleges, seduced her under promise of marriage, and is the father of her unborn child. Buttner is a young unmarried man, and has borne the reputation of being a devout Christian. He is the adopted son of Fred Antwerp, a wealthy and very pious Presbyterian farmer, living north of this city. Mr. Buttner is a graduate of Yale college and recently entered the ministry. When he was arrested he trembled like a leaf, but did not resist. He stoutly declared his innocence of the charge and laid the guilt upon a man named Snyder, who recently "skipped out." After a conference with the young woman he agreed to pay her \$150 to settle the matter.

Hamilton then went down on the Niobrara river and beat Mr. Jacobs, a cattle man, out of \$100, and made arrangements with young Drexel, son of Mr. Fred. Drexel, of this city, to start a ranch for him and to bring a lot of cattle up from the Shadleigh ranch.

Hamilton next turned up at Ashland, where he proposed to feed a large number of cattle through the winter, and made contracts with several parties, but whether he succeeded in obtaining any money from any of the parties, the writer could not ascertain.

As soon as it was learned at the Spotted Tail Agency that the fellow was a swindler and a fraud, a United States warrant for his arrest was sworn out and sent to Detective W. H. Llewellyn, of this city, who was since the 1st of December on Hamilton's track. He was finally traced to Mansfield, Ohio, and on Dec. 27th Mr. Llewellyn received a dispatch from Sheriff Ritchie of that place announcing Hamilton's arrest. The detective immediately started for his man, but on his arrival at Mansfield he learned, to his deep chagrin, that the sheriff had released him, and Hamilton had left for parts unknown.

Hamilton is nearly forty years old, 5 feet 10 inches in height, blue eyes and full florid face. He is wanted at Ashland, at O'Neil City, and at North Platte, Neb., and many other places. His portrait will be found on another page.

TERRIBLY TRAGIC.

A Daughter Kills Her Father and Then Shoots Herself—Sad Story of Disappointment in Love and Dethroned Reason.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 3.—A terrible and distressing tragedy occurred at the village of Lyons, situated on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, west of Syracuse, this afternoon. A daughter shot her father dead, and then fired a bullet into her own brain. About 1 o'clock Miss Francis Hovey, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the daughter of Hiram Hovey, a wealthy merchant, left the residence of her parents on Lawrence street ostensibly to go to the post-office and mail some letters. She mailed the letters, but instead of returning home she proceeded to her father's hat and cap store on Canal street. On entering the store, it is supposed, as no one but the father and the girl were present, she went to the rear of the store, where her father was reading by the stove; going behind him, as seen by the position of her muf and wrapping, she must have taken a pistol from her pocket and

SHOT HER FATHER,

in the right side of the head, placing the barrel against his temple. She then went upstairs to a back room, where with the pistol, she sent a bullet crashing into her own brain.

A few minutes after one of her brothers returned from his dinner, and going to the rear part of the store found his father sitting in his chair with blood trickling down his face, and dead. A search of the premises was then made, and the poor girl was found on the floor in a dying condition. Mr. Hovey was killed instantly. When the girl was found she had a small hand-glass in her hand, and with the glass it is supposed she took aim. The glass was taken from home by her. She had made deliberate and careful preparations for the act, as shown by the circumstances of the deed. Miss Hovey was

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED

to a young man named Eugene Rains, of Rochester, but he died a short time ago. She was devotedly attached to him, and his death dethroned her reason, and at times she has been subjects to fits of insanity. It is supposed that while laboring under temporary aberration of the mind she performed the double tragedy.

At ten o'clock to-night she was alive, but her death is expected before morning. She can not possibly recover, as the bullet is lodged in her brain.

Miss Hovey was considered a most lovely young lady, a leader in society, and one of the leading belles of Lyons. She occupied a high position in the Methodist Church, and was a most conscientious Christian. One of the letters she mailed to-day was to her pastor. In the letter she told how she intended to kill her dear, kind father, who had too much trouble, and then commit suicide. Miss Hovey is only twenty-two years old. The father, who met his death at his daughter's hands, was sixty years old, and leaves a wife and three sons—one about thirty-one twenty, and the other sixteen. The village, one of the most thriving on the Central Hudson, is intensely excited over the tragedy.

John J. Dwyer, Pugilist.

[With Portrait.] We present this week a capital portrait of John J. Dwyer, the champion heavy weight pugilist, in ring costume. His contest with James E. Elliott, at Long Point Island, Canada, is a prominent theme in sporting circles, and it is undoubtedly destined to remain memorable in the annals of the ring as one of the most desperately fearlessly contested matches on record.

With the exception of a rather disgraceful bar-room brawl with Ryan, a Troy pugilist, Dwyer has been living in retirement for some time past, and attracted no attention until Monday last when he appeared in a new light! On that day Justice of the Peace John Courtney, of the Third District Civil Court, sent a communication to the Brooklyn Board of Aldermen nominating Dwyer for the position of clerk of that court. Quite a breeze was raised in the board upon the reading of the communication and after some discussion the appointment was confirmed by a vote of fifteen to eight. The nomination had the support of quite a number of the leading citizens of Brooklyn. Clerk Dwyer is to be congratulated upon the evident desire shown to reform and leave the ranks of the bruisers, thus being in a fair way of becoming a respected and honored citizen of our sister city.

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S GANG.

A Week's Siege of Four Desperate Murderers, Who Are Finally Made to Surrender.

HE BIDED HIS TIME.

Acting as Judge and Executioner When His Mandates Were Not Complied With—How Accounts Were Settled.

AVENGING COLD-BLOODED MURDERS.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., Dec. 15.—For a long time past some seven brothers named McLane have committed all kinds of outrages in the upper country. By the "upper country" is meant all that territory forming part of British Columbia situated above Yale, the head of navigation of the Frazer River. The father of these boys, an old Scotchman, came to British Columbia in his youth in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. He was a singularly brave man, and soon after his arrival he was transferred from Victoria to Kamloops, a place some 300 miles from Yale, where he took charge of a "post" and traded with the Indians. Like all servants of the Hudson Bay Company he lived in concubinage with the Indians, and in time had a large family about him. The seven boys already spoken of are by two wives—one a full-blooded Indian and the other a half-breed. Some of the boys are therefore half-breeds, the other quarter-breeds. They say in this country that no good ever comes of a man who has Indian blood in him. McLane, the father was, as has already been said, a remarkably courageous man, and from the very first was feared and held in veneration by the Indians. On one occasion a Hudson Bay man was murdered by the Chilcotans and they refused to say

WHO COMMITTED THE MURDER.

Old McLane seized his musket and stalked into the Indian camp. He called the chief and asked that the murderer be given up. This was refused. The sun was high in the heavens, and McLane stooped and picked from a fire burning in the chief's tent a piece of charcoal. He coolly drew a line between himself and the chief, saying that as soon as the sun cast his shadow on the line he would kill the chief unless the murderer had already been given up. In those days the Indians had seen very little of fire-arms, and were in no way put out by old McLane's threat. He bided his time. As soon as the shade covered the mark McLane took aim, fired and killed the chief. The rest of the tribe were so dumbfounded that they gave up the murderer and ever after regarded him as a superior being. From that day he could do as he liked with them, and in course of time as he married and children grew up around him they in their turn came to be looked upon as inheriting their father's supernatural powers. The boys were sent down country to the Mission schools and received a fair education. Even here their Indian blood began to show itself, for one lad named Hare, who later figures in this narrative, drew a knife and stabbed a school-fellow in a quarrel. On returning home the boys were good for nothing. They were all expert horsemen and good shots, but had no taste for work. They obtained engagements with the ranchers in the upper country, but never stayed long. They could always earn enough money at breaking horses to live upon, and this, in conjunction with their natural

AVERTION TO LABOR,

soon reduced them to the position of vagabonds. One of the boys, who has since committed murder, used to ride races at Cariboo in its palmy days. He would then make enough to live on during the season. As they grew up they were always getting into different kinds of trouble and as often managed to evade detection. After a while, however, they began to be regarded as outlaws. Their hand was against every man and every man's hand was against them. They stole cattle and sheep, outraged women, broke jail, carried off horses and committed the most serious crimes known to the criminal code of a new country. One of their latest exploits was robbing and beating a Chinaman whom they overtook returning from collecting gold along the river bank. Having relieved him of his treasure, they beat him unmercifully and left him for dead. In the wild country in which they lived the executive officer of the government is a person called the government agent. The collector of taxes acts as constable, keeps the jail, issues marriage licenses, and performs a thousand and one other duties. At Kamloops this government agent was one Ussher, a Canadian by birth and a newly married man. Warrants were issued for the apprehension of the McLanes and intrusted to Ussher. Ten days ago he mounted his horse, and accompanied by a rancher named Palmer, one McLeod, and a man named Shumway who acted as guide, set out to arrest the McLanes. They had a twenty mile ride before them and Shumway was unarmed. After a couple of hours' ride Shumway guided them to a camp near Stump Lake. Here they saw the outlaws, four in number, viz., Allen, Archibald and Charley McLane and Alexander Hare. The ages of the miscreants ranged from seventeen to twenty five years. No sooner did Ussher's party appear on the scene than one of the McLanes raised his rifle and shot both Ussher and McLeod. Ussher did not fall from his horse, but was

ARMED WITH A REVOLVER

only and unable to return the fire. The McLanes had Henry rifles and revolvers. Both McLeod and Palmer returned the fire, and as has since appeared, wounded one of the McLanes. The party then came to close quarters, and it became a hand-to-hand struggle. Hare, a lad of seventeen, came out with a revolver in one hand and a knife in the other. He gave Ussher a horrible gash across the face, and Archy McLane, coming up at the time, said, "Shoot him," which

Hare thereupon did, sending a ball right through Ussher's skull. McLeod and Palmer, having emptied their revolvers, then made off, leaving poor Ussher lying dead. A man named Roxbury who is in charge of the Canadian Pacific Railway survey property at Kamloops, hearing of the shooting, came down and saw the McLanes stripping Ussher's body. They told him to leave or they would serve him in the same way. He was without arms and left. The McLanes then broke camp and went towards Nicola Lake, when they ran across a man named Kelly, a sheepherder. Whether they tried to steal sheep and he objected, or whether the thirst for blood was so strong that they must needs kill some one, is not yet known, but they slew Kelly and pursued their way to Palmer's house, evidently expecting to find him at home. His wife met them at the door. They said they wanted Palmer, as they had a "little account to settle with him." Mrs. Palmer said he was not at home. They entered and

RANSACKED THE PLACE,

carrying off all the coffee, sugar and flour on the premises. Afterwards they set out for the extreme end of the Nicola Lake, where they found an empty log cabin. This they took refuge in and awaited the coming of their pursuers. Meanwhile the news spread like wildfire and the ranchers and their families were utterly dismayed. In that section of the country the ranches are miles apart, and no one knew whose house would be attacked next. Messengers were despatched in all directions for aid. Ussher's death and the subsequent cold-blooded murder of Kelly produced the wildest excitement, and many men were found willing to lay down their lives rather than the murderers should escape. Volunteers were willing to come from every place throughout the country, but at the last moment it was found that there were no rifles, or at most only two or three of them. All the men had shot-guns, but they were useless against Henry rifles. Word was sent by telegraph down here telling of their want of arms and ammunition, and we sent them rifles. Meanwhile, however, eight men from Cache Creek and eight from Clinton—both places on the Cariboo wagon road and situated some fifty miles from Kamloops—volunteered to go and take the murderers. They elected a gentleman named Clement Cornwall their leader, and under his directions they rode out to Nicola Lake. The McLanes, I have omitted to state, had previously to taking up their quarters in the log cabin raided on an Indian camp and taken all the ammunition they could find. They were therefore well prepared

TO STAND A SIEGE.

They were also well supplied with food. At first it was feared that the Indians would side with them by reason of their Indian blood, and an Indian war was confidently expected by some, but as events subsequently proved there was no cause for alarm, as the McLanes had committed so many depredations at the expense of the Indians that they were only too glad to see them taken.

Of their capture no details are yet known. The man who brought the news galloped fifty miles, then swam his horse across the Thompson River at night and had another hard gallop to the nearest telegraph station. For a week the McLanes held out. At first they took their horses inside the cabin with them. One night they turned them out to feed and the horses happened to stray too far and were corralled by the attacking party. Then the pursued made several fearful and desperate attempts to break through the cordon of men surrounding them. At one burst they made and were driven back a man named Stevenson was shot. The next night they tried to force their way again and were repulsed, this time wounding a rancher named Peterson. Last Saturday morning they made their last and most desperate attempt to get away. It was a wild and bloody fight. Four men fighting with halters round their necks—one of them with a bullet in his chest—against some twenty resolute men ready to shoot them down like dogs. All this in the gray dawn while the camp-fires still threw a lurid glare over the snow and cast weird shadows around. Some Indians who had come up took part in the fight, and after a week's siege the four murderers came out and surrendered, but not until two of the Indians had been severely wounded.

The captured men are to be brought down here, where they will be tried and without doubt sentenced to death.

Drove to Destruction.

[Subject of Illustration.]

NEW HAVEN, Ky., Jan. 1.—A serious accident occurred about three o'clock this morning at Gravesbridge over Brush Creek, about eight miles from here. Mr. Albert Lucas together with three ladies of his family, had been to watch-meeting near Magnolia, and after the services were over they stopped at a friend's house while en route home, after which they resumed their journey. When Graves' bridge was reached the shadow of a hill fell upon it in such a manner as to deceive Mr. Lucas' observation, and he drove the wagon over the side of the structure, throwing the occupants to the rocky bottom below, a distance of eighteen feet. All the ladies were injured more or less, but the youngest daughter broke her back and died from her injuries in a few moments. Another lady had her collar-bone broken and Lucas was crushed by the wagon-bed falling upon him. The horse did not fall off the bridge, as the weight of the wagon dislodged him of his harness, and the animal with remarkable instinct walked to the other side of the bridge, where he awaited the result of the terrible accident. Lucas is a farmer of Larue County and well-to-do.

The dry goods store of Jonathan Pusey, No. 247 Market street, Philadelphia was broken into on Sunday afternoon last, and about \$5,000 worth of silks and satins stolen. The entrance was effected through the roof by means of a vacant building in the rear. The stolen material was found in the stairway of the latter place. The store had been completely ransacked.

MURDER OR MISTAKE.

▲ Woman to be Hanged at Carlisle, Pa., for Poisoning a Neighbor—a Case with many Peculiarities.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 5.—There now lies under sentence of death in the jail at Carlisle a woman named Mrs. Zell, convicted of poisoning a neighbor, Mrs. Kiehl. The circumstances under which this woman was tried are so remarkable, the crime so deficient in motive, the evidence so meager and the hope of reprieve so slight that a popular movement has been set on foot both in Carlisle and this city to have the case argued before the Supreme Court and a new trial ordered. Here, again, the formalities of procedure stand in the way, for the lawyers for the prisoner, apparently thinking their client free of any danger of conviction, did not take any exceptions to the evidence that was introduced during the trial and are, therefore, without any of the necessary excuses which precedent recognizes for the granting of a new trial. The woman is poor and friendless, and opposed to her are several persons who were before the trial more or less suspected of the crime. One of these persons, against whom an indictment was at one time issued by the Grand Jury, was the witness who secured Mrs. Zell's conviction. If the case is reopened it will certainly become a celebrated one in Pennsylvania criminal annals, because several of the most prominent lawyers in the State have espoused the cause of

THE WRETCHED WOMAN

and will to their best to save her. A public meeting is to be held at Carlisle to-morrow in behalf of the movement.

The facts in the case may be briefly stated as follows:—Mrs. Kiehl, an old lady of eighty-two years, lived at Carlisle and a near neighbor was Mrs. Zell. The latter bore a rather blemished reputation, from the fact of her marriage many years ago into a family of desperadoes and "barnburners." It was shown that she had been divorced from her husband more than twelve years, but the association of her name, with outlaws weighed heavily against her. Her personal character for morality was not of the best, but it was conceded that she was a good-natured, kind-hearted woman, who, not without faults herself, could overlook those of others. Although quite poor and compelled to wash clothes to support herself she was always performing small acts of charity among those of her condition in life. So it happened that when old Mrs. Kiehl fell down and badly sprained her knee some months ago, Mrs. Zell was amongst the first to call on her, to bandage the swollen limb and to make the invalid some broth and coffee. Several other ladies called, notably a Mrs. Reed. Mrs. Zell's visits were not thrust upon the old lady, but were made at such times as she was able to leave her work. Mrs. Kiehl lingered along for several weeks and finally died. Her extreme age and the shock which her constitution had received were accepted as sufficient reasons for her death, and it was not until two weeks after her burial that a quarrel between her heirs over the distribution of the little property which she left raised the charge that she

HAD BEEN POISONED.

A post-mortem was ordered and the body was found to be so badly decomposed—except the stomach and liver—that no accurate conclusion could be reached as to the cause of death. The stomach and liver were, however, greatly inflamed and were handed over to a young druggist fresh from a six months course of chemistry at college. He tested for arsenic and found it present in large quantities, as he claimed; although experienced chemists of this city, to whom his testimony has been submitted, declare that the arsenical showing in the tests may have resulted from the reagents he employed. All this time, be it remembered, the finger of guilt had pointed at another person than Mrs. Zell, a relative of the District Attorney. Mrs. Reed went on the stand and convicted Mrs. Zell in the following testimony: "One day during Mrs. Kiehl's illness she had called in to see the invalid, and while there had drunk some coffee; this coffee had made her violently sick; she asked Mrs. Kiehl where the coffee came from, and the old lady answered that Mrs. Zell sent it over; the circumstance had not impressed her at the time, although she had made the remark to somebody that she felt as if she had been poisoned."

It was in vain that Mrs. Zell's counsel tried to stem the current that now set in against their client. Mrs. Zell's coffee pots had all been searched and nothing in the shape of poison had been found. Mrs. Kiehl's house, on the other hand, seemed a regular chemist's shop.

ARSENIC WAS FOUND

in several old tea and coffee pots, and a large paper parcel of the poison was found on a shelf of the cupboard, with Mrs. Reed's name on it. Despite all these facts, and in the absence of any proof that the arsenic was in any way connected with the prisoner, the judge (a young man named M. C. Herman) failed to point out to the jury the absence of this all important link in the chain of circumstantial evidence, and the jury convicted the woman of murder in the first degree.

The simple truth is that while Mrs. Zell might have committed such a crime, proof of the existence of a crime, and, in Mrs. Zell's case, of any motive whatever, was not furnished. The poisoning may have been accidental, which would not be unlikely in a household where arsenic and baking soda were kept in the same cupboard. Rufus E. Shapley, of this city, is now engaged in preparing the case for argument before the Supreme Court, and if a new trial is obtained a second edition of the Hayden trial may be expected. Especial interest is drawn to the case because ten years ago, in the same city of Carlisle, a prominent physician was in the same manner, and on even less evidence, convicted of having poisoned a patient, and only saved from execution by the intervention of the Supreme Court. The entire medical profession of the State, it will be remembered, rose in

arms and resolutions were framed at a convention in this city setting forth that with such a precedent on the records it would be unsafe for any physician to attend a dying patient.

A BLOODY RECORD

Of Two Young Kentuckians Who Are the Authors of Five Fatal Tragedies—Five Bullets Sent Through the Brain.

Mt. VERNON, Ky., Dec. 30.—The old year had a bloody ending in Rockcastle county. Yesterday another slayer got in his work, another man's name was added to the list of deaths by violence, and the gore of another victim stained with its foul blot the surface of mother earth.

Shortly after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon at Pine Hill, Wm. A. Owens shot and killed James Langford. The parties have been deadly enemies for years. In the year 1868 Owens shot and killed Henry Langford, a brother of James, in this county. He was tried for the killing and acquitted. After the trial James Langford on several occasions attempted to kill Owens. At one of their meetings Langford emptied a shot gun into Owens' back as the latter was fleeing for his life, giving him a wound which nearly took him to the grave. At another time Langford chased him for several miles, swearing he would kill him. They were on horseback and Owens, by forsaking his horse and taking to the woods, escaped with his life.

Yesterday they met again at the store of A. P. Rickets, at Pine Hill. Hot words ensued, war was about to begin, and Owens, being unarmed, was compelled to run. Going to his house, he armed himself with

A DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOT-GUN

and navy pistol. Returning, he met Langford in the road, and, raising his gun, fired immediately. After emptying his gun, Owens drew his pistol and fired four chambers of that. Langford fell at the first fire. He received the contents of both barrels of the gun in his body and three pistol balls passed through his brain. His death was of course instantaneous. When his body was visited a few moments afterward the large navy pistol which he has worn constantly for years was found strapped around his waist with none of the chambers empty. It is supposed that he had no chance to draw his pistol. Had the opportunity been offered him he certainly would have improved it.

After the shooting Owens went into Pine Hill and confessed the killing. The only witness of the affair was a man named Cox. A warrant for murder was issued against Owens this evening by County Judge G. W. McClure, and was placed in the hands of Sheriff Albright, who is now after his man. It is thought that Owens will not attempt to escape, but will stand his trial.

James Langford, the man whom Owens killed, was

A DESPERATE CHARACTER

and was regarded as a dangerous foe. He was a son of Liberty Langford, a respectable and prominent farmer of this county, and was about forty years of age. The Langfords were the first settlers in this country, and the members of the family have for the most part been useful citizens.

In 1874 John Pickens, while on his road home, was shot from the bushes and killed one dark, rainy night, a few miles from this place. As he bore a striking resemblance to William A. Owens, the man who figures in to-day's event as slayer, James Langford was instantly accused of the murder. It was supposed that he killed Pickens, mistaking him for Owens. He was indicted for the murder, but fled the country, and was a fugitive from justice for several years. A reward was offered for him by the governor, and also by the county court. In 1876 he was captured by a detective near Kansas City, Mo. He was returned to this county and placed in jail. At the next term of the circuit court his case was removed to Knox county by a change of venue, where he was afterward tried and acquitted. His acquittal did not, however, change the common belief that he

FIRIED THE FATAL SHOT

which sent poor Pickens into eternity.

Besides the shooting affray with Owens some years ago, Langford has been mixed up in other affairs of bloodshed. He was from the head-waters of Bitter Creek, and never parted from his pistols. The manner of his death to day surprises no one.

William A. Owens has many stains of blood on his history. Besides the killing of Henry and James Langford, he also killed a man named John Griffin in this county some years ago, not two miles from the place where he killed Henry Langford. He was tried for killing Griffin, and was acquitted.

In Indiana, about three years ago, he killed a man whose name is not known to your correspondent. Owens is yet a young man, not more than twenty-three years of age. He is a wild, desperate man, and when he goes in to kill generally gets in his work well. He is a son of John Owens, who is one of our best citizens.

Calcraft the Hangman.

[With Portrait.]

In the death of Calcraft the hangman, England loses one of her most remarkable characters. Appointed when a young man to his unenviable position, he became famous the world over as the most skillful executioner of his time. Hanging became a science with him, as over 200 criminals had reason to find out at cost of their lives. Owing to the odium connected with his calling, he was debarred from society, and in his later years, became reclusive and morose in his disposition. His most notable hanging affairs was that of the three Fenians who were convicted of treason and murder in blowing up the Clerkenwell Prison. This made him an object of political hatred, and probably forced him into retirement in 1874. Those who were acquainted with him speak of him as a man of excellent character and gentle disposition despite the horrid nature of his trade. His death occurred on December 13, 1879. An accurate portrait of the ex-hangman will be found on another page.

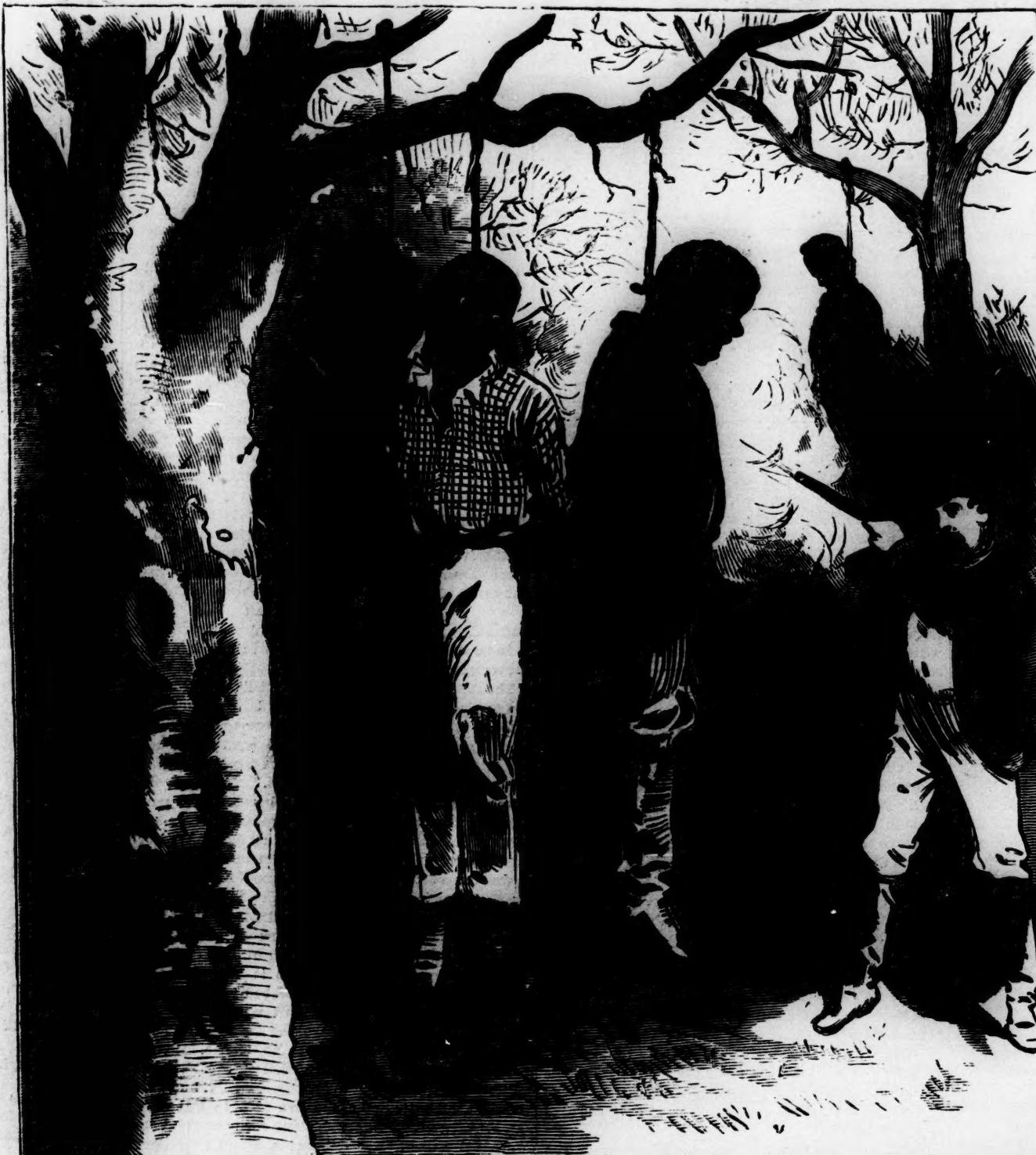
Elizabeth Elliot's Error.

BELLEFONTE, Ohio, Jan. 1.—Isaac H. Elliot, through his attorney, filed his petition for divorce, this morning, from Elizabeth T. Elliot. This is the sequel to the accounts published from Mount Gilead, last summer, in which a white woman claimed to have been raped by a negro, the parties all living there at that time, but the petitioner at present living here. The petitioner, in his application, represents that he has been for a year past and more a resident of the state of Ohio, and is now a *bona fide* resident of Logan county, said state. He further shows that he was married to the defendant on or about the 25th day of December, A. D. 1872, in the county of Morrow, state of Ohio; that her maiden name was Elizabeth I. Hobson, and prays that she may be made a party defendant to his petition. He alleges that while living together there was born to them one child, now alive, to wit: Clarence H. Elliot, aged four years, February, 1880. The petitioner further shows that the said Elizabeth I. Elliot, regardless of her marital duties toward him, did, on the 22d day of June, 1879, and on divers other days, between said day and the 13th day of September, 1879, at said plaintiff's house, in said county of Morrow and state of Ohio, commit adultery with one Philander Gardner, being then and there a person of the African or negro race, the said defendant being of the European or white race; and your petitioner says that by reason of said defendant's adulterous intercourse with Philander Gardner she became and was pregnant with a child; that there was and has been since the facts aforesaid become known to him a separation between petitioner and defendant; and that said defendant resides at said county of Morrow and state of Ohio. The petitioner therefore prays that the said Elizabeth I. Elliot may be notified of the filing of this petition, according to law; that she may be required to answer the same, and that in the final hearing of the cause he may

be divorced from the said Elizabeth I. Elliot, and that the custody of said child may be decreed to him, and for such further and other relief as the nature of the case and equity may require.

Where He Had Them.

A very strange incident took place recently in very high Parisian society, which has created a good deal of comment. A young and wealthy bachelor, inheriting a private hotel of his own, on the point of marriage, gave a very gay supper to close his bachelor career. At this entertainment were present four of his intimate friends, with four of the noted *demi-mondaines* of the city. Toward the end of the supper, the host sent away the servants, alleging that their presence was annoying. Presently some one spoke of a certain kind of fine old wine that their entertainer used to possess, and he immediately invited all his guests to accompany him to the cellar to choose some bottles of that favorite vintage. No better fun could offer itself, so down they all trooped at the heels of their host, who no sooner saw them all safely down the cellar steps than he hurried out, taking with him the light. He locked the cellar door on the outside, took out the key, and then went tranquilly up stairs to bed. The next morning he sent away all his servants, saying that he was going in the country. He then took his departure for parts unknown, carrying with him the cellar key. Three days later the gardener appointed to take charge of the grounds of the hotel happened to come there to look after the welfare of a favorite plant. He was amazed to hear faint cries proceeding from the cellar, and called in the aid of the police. The unhappy party of ill-used guests were then released, more dead than alive. Fortunately the wine stored in the cellar had aided them to combat the effects of hunger and cold, or it might have gone hard with them. Their host has not since been heard of. The young man is supposed by his friends to be insane, although he had not previously shown any symptoms.



RIDDLE WITH BULLETS—AN ARMED MOB INTIMIDATE THE SHERIFF AND TAKE GEORGE CARROLL, RICHARD SMITH, PERRY WALKER AND HARRISON JOHNSON OUT OF THE JAIL AND LYNCH THEM: AMITE CITY, LA.—SEE PAGE 8.



NEW YORK'S DEADLY DIVES—THE TERPSICHOREAN ANTICS AND REVELRIES THAT FIND EXPRESSION IN THE HEELS OF THE HIGH-KICKING FAIR ONE'S ON A "SOIREE" NIGHT AT "THE" ALLEN'S BAL MABILLE CAN-CAN DANCERS THAT RIVAL THE JARDIN MABILLE IN LEWDNESS AND INDECENCY. [SKETCHED BY OUR OWN ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 15.]

Avenging Her Honor.

[Subject of Illustration.]
WASHINGTON, D.C., Jan. 1.—This afternoon as John H. Morgan, son of Senator Morgan, of Alabama, was walking along G street with a friend they were met by Lucy W. R. Horton, who suddenly drew a revolver when she had passed, and shot Morgan through the shoulder. Before she could fire a second time Morgan turned and seized the weapon. The wound is not dangerous. The shooting is attributed by Morgan's friends to dementia on the part of his assailant. Miss Horton began a suit against Morgan in July for breach of promise of marriage. Since then she has lost her position in the Treasury Department and has been generally unfortunate, and she claims that she has been persecuted. She expresses regret that she did not kill him.

Miss Horton was the daughter of Senator Morgan's old law partner, at whose death she became a ward in Senator Morgan's family. She claims that while living in the same house with young Morgan he deceived her under promise of marriage. She made an effort about three years ago to induce him to marry her by peaceful means and she claims that he put her off with excuses, and finally he so infuriated her with his trifling promises that she made an attempt upon his life then. It may be remembered that there was something of a scandal about the attempted assassination. She says that since then she has made repeated efforts to induce him to redeem his promises, but failing again she came here a short time ago and brought a suit for breach of promise; that then he began to annoy her and carried his persecution so far that only yesterday she was driven from her boarding-house through his machination. When arrested to-day a bottle of laudanum was found in her pocket and there is reason to believe that had the shot been fatal she would have attempted suicide. Her attorneys are Messrs. Cook and Cole of this city. Mr. Cole said this afternoon that the shooting was not a surprise to him, for Morgan's persecution of Miss Horton had made her desperate. Indeed, her lawyer had under advisement her removal from the city for fear that she might attempt violence pending the trial.

What Spoiled an Elopement.

[Subject of Illustration.]
MOBILE, Ala., Jan. 1.—It came to light a few days ago that an elopement, which had been most skilfully planned was prevented in a very unexpected manner. The facts run thusly: A young man of this city (we suppress names out of regard for the young lady in the case) of in-



REV. HERBERT H. HAYDEN, THE ALLEGED SEDUCER AND MURDERER OF MARY E. STANNARD NOW ON TRIAL AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED SOLELY AND EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE GAZETTE.]

distrusious habits, with only one failing—he loves the "cup which cheers" a little too well—has for the past two years been visiting a young lady of irreproachable character in the southern part of the city, accompanying her to church and other places of entertainment to the exclusion of all others, so a wedding might be looked for at any time for they seemed so happy when together. Yet true love does not always run smoothly. The parents of the young lady being consulted they objected. The lady differed from her parents, and as they, the parents would not change their tune, so the two youngsters formed a plan, and concluded to elope on a certain night when there was no moonshine. Time—between 12 M. and 2 A. M. Young man on hand, in time. Young lady, with bundle, also in time. Found gate locked—key in the house—what a dilemma. Gentleman softly whispers, "climb the fence, I'll catch you." No sooner said than done, but a presumptuous nail caught her skirt as she jumped, and instead of

at Kokomo, Ind. The evidence against the accused was strong and seemingly fatal. Combs, a Virginian, had become jealous of his employer, Olinger. Biding his time he witnessed, so he thought, the fullest confirmation of his horrible suspicions—his wife's dishonor, his own disgrace, and the base betrayal of a friendship for his employer. Arming himself with a target-gun, in the early morning of October 3d, he proceeded to the home of his false friend, and deliberately shot him through the heart just as he was about to enter his stable.

An Ex-Mayer Shoots.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 2.—W. H. Adams was shot last night by his brother-in-law, Ex-Mayer Harris. On his way home, Harris entered a saloon on Seventh street, near Central avenue, but on seeing Adams, retired. The latter followed him and demanded money in an offensive and profane manner. Harris refused, and gave his opinion that his brother-in-law was an ungrateful scoundrel—whereupon Adams felled him with a blow from a heavy cane. Harris then drew a pistol and fired squarely at Adams' head, the ball penetrating his left cheek, fracturing the upper jaw-bone and lodging in the opposite side of his mouth, inflicting a painful but not dangerous wound. Both parties were taken to their homes. When Harris was told that Adams was not mortally wounded, he said it would have been a good ride to the community if the ball had been better directed. Harris won a national reputation as a colonel of an Ohio regiment during the war, and served two terms as mayor. He claims that for twenty years he has been supporting Adams and family in the face of public opinion, for which his only gratitude has been shown in increased demands for money.

Bank Directors Indicted.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Jan. 2.—E. W. Huntington and Thomas Hassam, directors of the late Citizens' Savings Bank, were to-day indicted by the grand jury for felonious and wilful concealment of facts relative to the condition of the bank in subscribing to and transmitting to the State Treasurer for official publication a false and fraudulent statement of the condition of the bank at the close of business June 20, 1879, with intent to deceive and defraud the public. They were held in \$20,000 bail each. The case has attracted attention throughout the state.

Murdered without Cause.

The trial of Alexander M. Combs for the murder of George W. Olinger in Jackson township, Ind., on the 2d of last October, is the all-absorbing interest of the hour. The evidence against the accused was strong and seemingly fatal. Combs, a Virginian, had become jealous of his employer, Olinger. Biding his time he witnessed, so he thought, the fullest confirmation of his horrible suspicions—his wife's dishonor, his own disgrace, and the base betrayal of a friendship for his employer. Arming himself with a target-gun, in the early morning of October 3d, he proceeded to the home of his false friend, and deliberately shot him through the heart just as he was about to enter his stable.



WHAT SPOILED AN ELOPEMENT—A YOUNG LADY'S SKILLFULLY PLANNED "SKIP" FROM PARENTAL AUTHORITY IS MARRED BY A PRESUMPTUOUS NAIL CATCHING HER DRESS WHILE JUMPING OVER THE WALL; MOBILE, ALA.



HANGMAN CALCRAFT, FOR FORTY-SIX YEARS PUBLIC EXECUTIONER OF ENGLAND, DIED, DECEMBER 13, 1879.

her feet it was her head that touched the sidewalk. Then came a scream, then the dogs began to bark, then a light appeared in parents' window. Young man ran away, left young lady hanging by the impudent nail; young lady released, carried back into the house. The parents satisfied that it is a clear case of somnambulism.



DROVE TO DESTRUCTION—MR. ALBERT LUCAS, WITH THREE LADIES OF HIS FAMILY, RETURNING FROM A NEW YEAR'S WATCH-MEETING, DRIVES OVER A BRIDGE, KILLING HIS DAUGHTER ALMONT INSTANTLY; NEAR NEW HAVEN, KY.—SEE PAGE 11.

MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of New York's Gas-Lit Life.

IN A FIVE CENT LODGING HOUSE.

The Bloated Spider and the Drunken Flies—Mr. and Mrs. Welch—Sarah, the Unknown.

THE SONG AND THEN THE JIM-JAMS.

BY AN OLD ROUNDER.

It was my good, bad, or indifferent fortune once to sit up with a friend all night in a cheap lodging house in London. We did it out of the merest curiosity and would not have been there even to gratify that curiosity had not the proprietor, Mr. Jno. White, who euphonistically called his den "The Workingmen's Retreat," been under obligation to my companion.

Mr. White's place was called in the slang of the thieves and costermongers who frequented it, a "threepenny doss," the word "doss" being gypsy talk for bed. The experience was a very peculiar one, such an experience which one seldom cares to repeat, except in the line of duty. All night long we beheld the spectacle of drunken men and women staggering into the place, slumping down their three coppers with an oath and then reeling to whatever questionable pallet John White chose to allot them.

But repulsive as the place was my memory reproduces it as a Fifth Avenue Hotel in comparison with the establishment which your artist and myself investigated a few nights back, one of those nights with a snappish cold spirit abroad that prevented much luxury attaching itself to slumbering in an alley or cart.

Cherry street boasts the possession of the particular five cent lodging crib under consideration. Cherry street has a good many of them, but I think that the one we depicted upon is the most unique.

I will back the landlady against the proprietor or proprietress of any of the others for being the most picturesquely bestial woman in the business. As she sat just inside the door of the sleeping room—it was not in the cellar but gave upon the rough, cobble stones of a flithy court in the rear of a tenement—with the sickly rays of a red lamp fastened at the window streaming upon her, I thought of some huge, bloated spider, surcharged with blood to bursting, and possessing the most ravenous of maws.

She expected us. I had once done a little reporting for a morning paper, and had been forced to visit her hotel in quest of particulars regarding a society woman who, being born in opulence, educated and married in social pride, had passed through the lurid phases of illicit love and bad gin to be found dead one winter morning in this wretched room.

I recalled the circumstance to her when I visited her in the day time to arrange for a midnight seance. She remembered me, and although she could not understand why two human beings should deliberately seek her abode as a place in which to spend an hour or so, still she consented, and even went to the trouble of borrowing two chairs from one of the families in the tenement.

"You see," said the spider, "you won't want to sit down anywhere in here, although I do try to be very particular; it isn't safe."

I also ordered some gin for the old lady from the distillery on the street, and repeated the operation when we called. This had the effect of making her mellow.

Mrs. Glump, for such is her name, owns but ten beds, or ten tattered mattresses, ranged along the wall, and since she never carries things to the extremes by allowing more than three to one mattress, it is easy to calculate that her night's revenue is but one dollar and a half. But the dormitory is never closed. As the lodgers stagger out in the morning others stagger in. No one ever comes to Mrs. Glump's until he or she is dead drunk, and theime of the visit depends upon whether the lodger does her boozing by day or night.

There were about a dozen in the room when we called. It was awful close, and a pauperish looking fire in a stove made the atmosphere sickening. She noticed our pale faces and opened the door slightly. This precaution and a generous swig of brandy from a private flask enabled us to keep up the tone of the stomach.

Of the twelve lodgers already in three were women. They lay in horrid disheble, two of them upon their backs, their mouths open, and an expression of gutter sottishness upon their faces. The other one was curled in a ragged lump, her knees reaching her frowsy head. Suddenly she screamed in her sleep—a regular blood-curdler too—and striking out wildly hit a man in the mouth who lay next her. As we subsequently learned it was her husband.

The brute sprang half up with an oath and turning quickly took her by the throat while with his other hand he struck her a sounding blow. But only one. Mrs. Glump seized a club at the side of her chair and deliberately knocked him down upon his bed with it. Then standing over the human dog, still brandishing her agent of domestic peace, she said:

"No one knows better than me, Bill Welch, that you will be hung yet for killing that woman, but you shan't do it here. You touch her again, and I'll get one of the gentlemen to go for the police."

He looked up with a fierce scowl penetrating his matted hair, glared a moment upon us, and fell back into his inebriated stupor. The wife was already asleep, and none of the others had stirred.

"I've got another lodger," said Mrs. Glump, resuming her seat, "like the one one that died here, you know." She was addressing me and referring to the past. I nodded.

"She is going precisely the same way, and I think she started the same; she comes in about 1 o'clock, always drunk, sometimes merry, sometimes wicked and full of fight. She doesn't sleep on these common mattresses, but gives me ten cents for the one behind that screen." She pointed to an alcove at whose entrance floated a curtain.

"And where is your home, Mrs. Glump?" I asked.

"I have a floor in a street up-town. I only stay here at nights. In the day time my son runs the place."

Business becomes brisk suddenly. Old bums, shivering, hardly able to stand or hold themselves together, came through the glare of the red lamp, tossed their nickels or rattled their pennies upon the little table on which glimmered Mrs. Glump's candle, and after a vacant stare at two strangers, who were apparently possessed of no intention of going to sleep on the premises, fell like bags of meal upon the vermin-infested beds and dropped into forgetfulness.

"Here she comes—here comes Sarah!" said Mrs. G., in a cautionary way, and as she spoke a young woman who had crossed the courtyard with a song upon her lips, staggered into the place, and straightened in a moment when she saw that visitors from the outside world were present.

"It's only two friends of mine, Sarah," said Mrs. G., "two gentlemen I used to know in England. Go on with your song."

"I will if they stand treat," she said, "and they'll have to hurry; Mike's about shutting up."

I took out a coin, and held it indefinitely toward them both.

"I'll go for it," she said, "and there's no change, mind you." Saying which she opened the door and disappeared.

While she is after the gin I will state that this Anonyma is not handsome now, but she has been. She is not refined now, but there still remains something of the grace of the drawing-room in her movements yet. As she put down the bottle on the table on her return and pocketed my change, I thought of Sarah Bernhardt selling cups of tea in the French Fair in London.

She took a terrible drink, as did Mrs. Glump, for that matter, and then began to sing in a mild, rambling way, "When other lips, and other hearts." All at once she ceased, and began an address, pointing, gesticulating fiercely, and mouthing some lines from a play. I knew what was coming: so did Mrs. Glump. Just as her eyes set in the paroxysm of delirium tremens, and the froth came upon her lips, while the distortion of despair passed over her countenance as she covered with her face in her hands, the lodging-house keeper caught her, and threw her upon a mattress.

At her suggestion I ran around to Oak street, and got police aid.

In twenty minutes Sarah, the "unknown," her shapely arms in a straight jacket, rolled upon the floor of a padded cell, and talked gibberish to the ceiling.

This was enough for us. I was sick at soul and stomach, and never relished the cool air so much as when I reached it after bidding Mrs. Glump good night.

SEASONING.

SARA BERNHARDT has been convinced that her repertoire of four children and no husband would not be popular in America.

A PEORIA woman sneezed her jaw out of place lately, and the married men of the town have been buying nuff ever since.

A PARISIAN ACTRESS recently remarked to her friend: "I don't see any use wearing monogram stockings this kind of weather."

A WASHINGTON girl says that the best way to put to confusion a man who stares at you in the street cars is to steadily look at his feet.

In CHINA men buy their wives for cash. In this country men give their notes, and after marriage the women take it out in hair.

THE BUXOM Adelaide Neilson is playing in St. Louis, and it's a debatable question whether she gushes more than the newspaper critics.

"SLEEP on Sweetly, Darling, 40 cents," is a line in exchange. If it was nice clean bed she certainly could not grumble at the charge for lodging.

YOUNG men and maidens expect to take a good deal of comfort next February. Although the shortest month in the year it will have five Sunday nights in it.

THERE seems to be a terrible calm settling on the country. Isn't it about time for Mrs. Titton to make another statement and set things to humming again?

PUT away the long blonde tresses
That our darling used to wear;
She will never, never need them,
For our darling hangs her hair.

MARY ANDERSON's stepfather says that she has no time to think of lovers. When a girl earns enough to buy all the ice cream she wants it makes her dreadfully high-minded.

AT the Cattle Show. — Young Farmer—Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gushton? Miss Gushton—Oh, really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean that as a declaration you must speak to mamma!

THEY met: "twas on the street; "Oh, such a bonny!" thought the one—the other thought "what feet?" Yet they did talk—together walk—and kissed each other's cheek—and chalk.

THE very latest style of female stocking is bound way up on the top side with a little band of gold lace, and we ain't married either, and the late spell of wet weather had nothing to do with it.

A CONCRETED young lady while airing her knowledge on various subjects, remarked: "There is nothing made in vain." "You are," said a youth standing near her. "Am what?" said she. "Maiden vain," replied the smart boy.

MR. HERDER, in his Hebrew poetry, says that "Man, born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble." Perhaps Mr. Herder would like to suggest some new process by which man may be born other than "of woman." If so, Mr. Herder has the floor.

IT is nice when a wife gives her husband a box of cigars for a New Year's present, but it somehow takes the romance all out of it when she quietly observes next morning: "You'll have to give me some money to pay for those cigars; I spent all mine for other things."

"Ah, Louise, my heart is very despondent. Ever since I have gazed into the depths of those lovely eyes, I—" "Hush, John; put a Westinghouse air-break on that train of thought. Pa has introduced me to his new partner, and I am his for two million dollars. That settles it."

HE was a smart college graduate, with a bright foot-sure before him, but ever since he prematurely gazed upon the scintillating atmosphere from his lowly position on the ice-clad sidewalk he has accepted Edison's incandescence as a stern reality, and concluded to take a back seat in the temple of fame.

A little pair of gloves that yet
Retain the smell of clover
And just a tinge of mignonette—
I turn them vaguely over,
And marvel how the girl I kissed
The night she promised to be true
Could jam a number seven fist
Into paltry number two.

SEVERAL young men were sitting together, and a young lady happened to approach the vicinity. One "real sweet" young fellow seeing, as he supposed, the young lady looking at him, remarked, playfully and with a becoming smile: "Well, Miss —, you needn't look at me as though you wanted to eat me." "Oh, no," replied the young lady, "I never eat greens."

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

The Dealers in Fancy Dresses, Romantic Costumes, and Masquerading Suits.

NEW YORK IN A GAY HUMOR.

A Thrilling Story About a Mouse-Colored Domino and a Silk Mask.

P. P. TELLS OF A DISASTROUS BALL.

By PAUL PLOWLER.

The business of letting out costumes—and that reminds me that the last one I tried to wear needed considerable letting out—has its peculiar seasons, just as other vocations have.

We are now in the ball period of our metropolitan existence, and as the dealer in fantastic habits skips about among his tinsel stock he feels like crying, "On with the dance!" It is just at present that he makes money, or tries to, at least, passing the rest of the year as best he can, buoyed up by the same hope which animates a waiting-place hotel keeper.

He is something like such an individual in several of his characteristics; as, for instance, his charges. He endeavors to come as near getting for one night's use of a domino or dress the price that either would bring, if sold, as is possible. What is the consequence? He is continually selling his entire stock and getting it back for nothing. This fact throws some light also upon his ability to skim along so well in the summer.

There are costumers and costumers. Men like Lanouette, who furnish the theatres with the dresses for this or that entire play, are at the top of the heap. They have always lots of dresses to hire, but their principal business is to manufacture and sell, out and out. All society ladies number one or more elegant fancy dresses among their toilette collection, and should be capable at any moment of accepting an invitation to a public fancy dress ball or a private masquerade without the slightest embarrassment or anxiety as to what should be worn.

No real bon-ton lady ever hires a grotesque ball dress. You never know, you know, what horrid creature may have worn a costume that is loaned, and to tell the truth my lady is right. You hardly do ever know, you know.

I imagine that the confessions of a fancy ball dress would be racy reading. What a pity they can't talk.

The humbler class of costumers are over on the East River avenues, Second avenue especially, and are also to be found along the Bowery and on Third avenue. They have the second door, as a rule, and in one of its windows they stick their sign, a sort of political club transparency affair, with the picture of an unhealthful young courter on one side, waiting for a shepherdess with a red nose to come around the corner and join him.

When you get up stairs you find an old woman who is deaf, a short counter, and a lot of pawn-shop shelving with bundles on them. In the next room there are four or five girls working away at new suits made out of old. By the judicious use of red velvet, ribbons and lace to match, with liberal allowance of spangles, you can make a king's royal rig into a bull-fighter's magnificent "get-up," or into anything else for that matter.

There is a sameness about the stock of these people which is simply disgusting. Vivandieres, muleteers, kings, queens, shepherds, fat boys, French courtiers, Padines, Dutchmen, Indians, etc., etc., are the constantly recurring features.

This year there is a run on "Pinafore," and no fancy ball will be complete without Little Buttercup, Josephine, Sir Joseph, Dick Deadeye, and the remainder of that crew.

Why is the opera of "Pinafore" like the poor, and, in some cases, the very poor?

Because it is always with us. The costumers will keep its melodious story before the public long after it has ceased to be enacted upon the stage, and in years to come, when I who write and you who read these lines have been treated like bottles of champagne to the extent of being put on ice—the only difference being that the champagne will possess all the life—costumers will bring down fancy suits, spread them upon the counter, and then say:

"There's a good Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., sir, and as for the lady, what could be more charming than this Josephine?"

"But who was Sir Joseph, and what Josephine is it?" "Ah, there you have me. You know I inherited this story and stock from my grandfather, and the names I have just mentioned are on the tickets. Luckily I have a sort of historical catalogue. I may be able to get some information from it."

Whereupon the costumer of the future will read as follows: "These are characters in a musical work called 'Pinafore,' written by Mr. Gilbert, of Sullivan street. It ran at twenty New York theatres at once, and during its career all the lunatic asylums had to be provided with extra wings to accommodate the patients made mad by hearing the tunes. The ultimate consequence was that it became a paradox, for although successful it was heartily damned all around. Men became frenzied when their fellows whistled or hummed its tunes, and citizens were wont to fall upon and rend each other in their excess of rage. At last the government interfered, and imposed the penalty of death upon all transgressors. Mr. Gilbert was to have been hanged, but escaped by showing that he had been changed at birth."

So much for the costumer yet to be heard from. His cousin of to-day is a practical chap, utterly unmoved by his romantic surroundings. This absence of poetry in the composition of a rarer of fancy suits often struck me when I tried to analyze his character and ascertain the motives which led to the choice of business. All that I have met possess no more sentiment than a soap-boiler.

I suppose that in the majority of instances the men and women who take to the trade are former attaches of the theatres. Possibly a grizzled costumer I know was once an actor himself, and began with his own wardrobe as the nucleus of the rather extensive stock he now possesses. It was he who told me the following story. I will put it in my own words:

"About ten years ago a young man climbed up to his place in Forsyth street and asked to be shown some hand some dominoes for ladies. He selected an elegant mouse-colored one, lined with white satin, and got a pale blue silk mask additionally.

It was just at dusk. Being the costliest domino in his lot, the costumer asked for a deposit of money to insure its return. The young man willingly complied, and paid for it in advance. There was no ball that night, and the dealer supposed, of course, that it was to be worn at a private party.

Next morning, at about 10 o'clock, a veiled woman came into the shop and asked if a young man, describing the one in question accurately, had dealt there the night previous.

It's part of the business to lie, and my old acquaintance experienced no trouble in unblushingly remarking that no such person had been in the place.

"I only wanted to see if he had asked you to deny his visit," she said, scornfully, "for he was here, he did deal with you, and I now return the goods. You can keep any deposit he may have left."

Saying which she slammed a small bundle upon the counter and left. The old man was thoroughly dazed at the sudden turn in the conversation, at his discomfiture when he thought he was very smart with his innocent prevarication, and at the visit generally of a woman of whom he could remember nothing beyond her eyes burning like coals back of her veil.

When he recovered his senses he found himself holding the bundle in his hand. He undid it.

The mask was red, with blood, and the domino had ten crimson slashes across the breast.

He still has that costume just as it reached him. There was no murder reported, and he did not hand it over to the police. But he does not loan it. It embodies the one mystery of his life, the telling of which never tires him.

It is hoped that this dancing season, between now and Lent, will be as brilliant as the flurry about Christmas and the revival in trade give us a right to expect. It has been noticeable that of late years the so-called masquerades grew meaner and meaner in their grotesque display. This came from the young men about town largely attending each fancy dress ball with simply a nose and a domino. In order to make the floor gay Clodoces troupes of grotesque dancers had to be hired, and even their antics failed to stir the guests upon the floor to any degree of enthusiasm.

If I am to believe those costumers upon

DEADLY DIVES.

A Bleeker Street Pandemonium Where the Vices of Paris Are Imitated and Outdone.

A CHRONIC LAW-BREAKER

The Revels of the Demi-Monde on a "Soiree Night"—Scenes That Should Open the Eyes of

NEW YORK'S VIGILANT EXCISE BOARD.

[Illustrated by GAZETTE Special Artists.]

Pre-eminent in the list of New York's law-defying citizens stands the name of "The" Allen. From his earliest connection with that portion of society who set at naught all forms and obligations of morality, he has been the most persistent enemy of decency and law and the most loyal champion of vice under all circumstances and conditions.

A review of his checkered career can lead to but one conclusion, namely, constitutional depravity. Nurtured and educated in the slums, he has been the most defiant exponent of the ideas and habits peculiar to life under such circumstances.

In 1865 he first became a prominent object of police attention as the proprietor of the St. Cloud Hotel, corner of Prince and Mercer streets. This neighborhood at that time was the most notorious in the city as the resort of thieves of all descriptions. The lawless element of the metropolis colonized there and planned all manner of villainy and crime. Among the most favored of the many headquarters in that neighborhood was the St. Cloud. Here bountiful jumpers, burglars, pimps, and the swell mob of the criminal classes came, sure always of protection and welcome. This place finally became so notorious that it was closed, and Allen turned his questionable talents to the business of gambling, with his headquarters on Broadway. Bold and defiant in his attitude at all times where law-breaking was concerned, he seemed in this occupation to become more audacious and brazen than ever. For some reason he was allowed freedom to carry on this business unmolested, notwithstanding the protests of his many victims. Many young men who are now poking their noses against prison bars in the livery of felons can trace their downfall to the fascinations of "The" Allen's gambling den on Broadway.

Flushed with the success which attended him, and puffed up by the career of others of his ilk in the political arena who had secured advancement and temporary honor, he next appeared before the public as a reformer in politics. Circumstances were propitious for his attempt in this role. A few old fossils with antiquated notions of finance and political economy sought to establish a new party, whose stock in trade would be clap-trap arguments on labor and the impoverished condition of the working man through the failure of hard money to meet the demands of the times. By loud professions of interest in the laborer and specious argument they hoped to secure position and wealth at their hands.

Allen's proficiency in guilting his fellow men fitted him exactly for a leader of just such a party. He threw himself heart and soul into the movement, and, since the devil's cheeky assumption of power on the mount, no such spectacle of audacity has ever been witnessed.

But the day of such reformers had passed. In all his attempts he was ridiculed and treated with that contempt which his arrant hypocrisy deserved. The people could see through his mask of deceit, and spurned his proffered leadership.

Baffled in this little scheme, he next turned his attention in other channels. His ready tact and long apprenticeship in the ways of sin soon suggested a new field for the exercise of his depraved instincts. The many disreputable dens which flourished in the Eighth ward served as an incentive to him for the establishment on a larger scale of something of the same character which would discount everything in their line in infamy and indecency.

Hence, the Bal Mabille on Bleeker street. Modeled on the Parisian plan, it lacks those characteristics which makes vice in the gay capital of France alluring and attractive. The basest forms of sensuality are given unrestrained license, and vulgarity and wickedness of the most debasing character finds a congenial field in the dive over which Allen presides.

Hither flock the gilded youth of the city, the fast man about town, the gray-headed roamer, the painted, flashily-dressed prostitute, strangers from out-of-town with lewd tendencies, proprietors of houses of ill-fame, to the banquet which the versatile "The" provides for their licentious tastes.

"Wine, woman, and song" is the alpha and omega of the Bal Mabille, and here nightly the votaries of the doctrine of fast life gather to enjoy themselves.

Let us join the throng, and, selecting some quiet corner, witness the revel. We are promised something out of the usual run, for this is a "soiree night," and the choice spirits are supposed to give full vent to their feelings and let their passions and instincts have the fullest freedom of action.

We are in the ball-room below the sidewalk, out of reach and sight, and need not have any fear of molestation. The hour is late. The merry natures of the guests have been wound up to fever pitch by copious indulgence in the liquors provided by mine host, and the mad revelry of intoxication has evoked the spirit of riotous lawlessness and debauchery.

The lascivious waltz has become tame and commonplace, and the orchestra, catching the infection of the hour, strike up the merry measures of Offenbach's can-can music. Lively feet keep time, and inspired by the zest with which the dancers interpret the witching melody in all its lewd suggestiveness, the musicians enter with more spirit into their work.

On with the dance, let mirth and indecency be unconfined, is the temper of the revelers now; forgetting sex, forgetting everything that makes womankind honored and respected, the female participants in the dance abandon themselves to the most indecent exhibitions. Limits of all shapes and sizes are elevated in dangerous proximity to their male companions' physiognomy. The fun waxes faster and faster, and the mad carnival of sin and lechery degenerates into a scene which makes the vices of the Paris "Jardin Mabille" seem dull and commonplace.

Young men and women scarcely out of their teens sit about the tables, smoking and drinking until late in the morning, and overpowered and stupefied stagger forth upon the streets, objects of disgust to themselves and shame and pity to their fellows.

The work of moral prostitution goes on night after

night at "The" Allen's Bal Mabille. Of the many disreputable dens in New York, in many respects this is the worst. There is a glamor and glitter thrown over everything connected with the place that disguises the pitfalls of ruin and destruction that lurk in every corner of the neighborhood where this dive is located.

The responsibility for such wholesale immorality is a serious matter. Some one is to blame. There are laws which provide against the establishment of such resorts, and their violation, in view of the wickedness they foster and encourage, is a crime against humanity and civilization. The licensing of places of this character is contrary to law, and the officials who ignore their duties should be made to suffer the penalty described. Forbearance with such delinquencies is generally short-lived, as the authorities will find out sooner or later to their cost.

SPORTING NOTES.

FRANK HART, alias "Black Dan," will enter for the Astley belt.

FRANK HIGGIE, of Racine, Wis., walked 25 miles in 4 hours 4 minutes.

STOCKTON, Cal., boasts of a pedestrian who runs 100 yards in 9½ sec.

DEFUR has not yet decided on the date for his wrestling match with McMahon.

No Americans have yet signified their intention to enter for the Astley belt in England.

THE Hanlan and Courtney boat race did not take place in 1879. Will it take place in 1880?

CHARLES A. HARRIMAN is in Haverhill, Mass., arranging for a professional walking tournament.

THE Mitchell Rowing Club of Milwaukee, Wis., has a big four in training for the coming season's regattas.

It is claimed that John A. Barnes, a professional sprint runner, ran 100 yards at Belleville, Can., in 9¾ sec.

AT St. Paul, Minn., James H. Bardwell is reported to have walked 10 miles in 1h. 23m. 21s. If true, the time is wonderful.

The score in the 72-hour walking match in Chicago was: Guyon, 331; Dobler, 325; Crossland, 280; Albert Pierce (colored), 250.

At New Orleans James Schwab outran Wm. Sproule in a 200-yard race, and won by a foot in 24½ seconds. The stakes were \$500.

J. BRIGGS of Chelsea, Mass., and A. Bennan of Boston, are to walk 10 miles for the amateur champion gold medal of New England.

JOHN MCMAHON claims Miller won the wrestling match at Cincinnati, O., by a foul. McMahon returned to this city last Thursday.

THE O'Leary 72-hour pedestrian tournament, at the Coliseum, Allegheny City, Pa., was won by Garrett Fitzgerald, who covered 357 miles.

The thirty-six hour walk at Kansas City, Mo., terminated with the following scores: Von Egidy, 176 miles (?) ; West, 151; Kassimir, 132.

LULU LOOMER, the female pedestrian of this city, is creating a furor in Boston attempting to walk 2,000 quarter miles in 2,000 quarter hours.

HAZEL and Rowell have signed articles to compete for the Astley belt. The contest will take place at Irvington, where O'Leary first won the trophy in April.

J. M. SALISBURY, the champion long distance runner of Washington, D. C., has issued a challenge to run any man, Weston preferred, a 48-hour race for \$300.

EMILE REGNIER recently defeated the ex-champion wrestler of England, D. Graham, in a Greco-Roman wrestling match in London, winning four falls out of five.

The go-as-you-please 12-hour race at Davis Hall, Plymouth, Mass., was won by O. A. Hinckley, who covered 60½ miles. J. H. Murray was second, with 59½ miles.

A 20-mile race, \$75 to 1st, \$25 to 2nd, E. C. Holske to walk while Wallace Ross went as he liked, was recently walked at Lynn, Mass., on a 34 lap track. Ross won by a lap in 2h. 58m. 14s., Holske's time being 2h. 58m. 37s.

JOSEPH KEMPSTER has challenged Hawdon to row over the mile course on the Tyne, from the High Level Bridge to Waterston's Gates, in best-and-best boats, in six weeks from the first deposit, for £100 a side. Hawdon has accepted.

THE rival champion billiard players, Sexton and Schaefer, are to play for the championship on the 10th inst. The game promises to be an interesting one. Sexton is the favorite, but Schaefer's friends are confident that he will win.

DANIEL O'LEARY of Chicago and Fred. J. Englehardt have dissolved the partnership under which so many first class pedestrians have been brought to light, and the exhibitions in the future will be given under the supervision of Mr. Englehardt alone.

AL. SMITH, O'Leary's backer, and Mr. James Kelly, the noted turk, will back and manage Frank Hart, the colored pedestrian, in all future contests. Messrs. Smith and Kelly have a "race horse" in Hart, and he is the only pedestrian able to beat Rowell.

THOMAS DAVIS, Panchot's backer, offers to wager \$10,000 that he can produce a pedestrian that can beat Frank Hart in a six-day go-as-you-please pedestrian race, Astley belt rules to govern. Here is a chance for Al. Smith and James Kelly to back their protégé, Frank Hart.

THE annual international pigeon shooting tournament at Monaco has begun, and Maskens, of Monte Carlo, secured the Prix Ouverture, defeating twenty-four others. The remaining sweepstakes were won or divided by Messrs. Jay of New York, Guidicini of Paris, and C. Penell of England.

Bell's Life says there is every prospect of the match over the Tyne championship course, for £200 a side, on February 9, between Elliott and Boyd, being a rare sporting affair, and already there has been some wagering to the extent of £500 level, the backer of the former being Mr. W. R. McKenzie, of the Black Bull Inn, while Mr. John Adams supported Boyd.

THE third contest for the championship belt, given by Sir John Astley, took place at Lillybridge Grounds, London. E. Dickenson and W. Cummings were the contestants, the latter having won the belt in two previous competitions. A grand race ensued, resulting in a victory for the Scotchman, Dickenson, whose time was 4m. 20 4-5s., only 3s. behind the best time on record.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for a great single-skull race to be rowed at Florida. Among the entries are French Johnson, of Boston; Evan Morris, of Pittsburgh; F. A. Plaisted, of New York, and George W. Lee, of Newark, N. J. F. E. Tuttle, from Verplanck's Point, N. Y., will also be one of the contestants. He is said to

have a splendid record, and has a host of personal friends, who believe strongly in his capacity to bear off the stakes.

In the recent great pedestrian contest at Madison Square Garden for the Rose belt, Hughes the "lepper" traveled farther than any record in the last four days of the race. Fitzgerald, the American Hazel, in a desperate attempt to beat Hughes, ran the last 22 miles of the race, from 498 to 520 miles, without a halt, and at a speed more suggestive of a twenty-four-hour than a six-day race. Krohne and Faber, who walked almost all the way, and gained nothing by their awkward attempts at running, traveled 535 and 531 miles, far ahead of all walking records.

THE wonderful and unprecedented scores made by eight of the competitors in the recent six-day go-as-you-please contest for the American international championship belt of the world offered by Mr. D. E. Rose, are being unjustly questioned, and many claim that Hart, Krohne, Faber and Pegram's big scores were not made. The *Turf, Field and Farm*, in the face of well-authenticated proof, threw cold water on the great performance, and publishes an article from which the following is an extract:

"Many incidents connected with the match point to crookedness, and it was openly growed by some of the contestants' friends that everything was not 'all right.'"

In the race in question there were 65 starters; 20 passed 100 miles in the first twenty-four hours. Sixteen persevered unto the end, and their several records in even miles were as follows: 540, 535, 531, 527, 520, 520, 502, 500, 484, 482, 480, 450, 450, 450 and 450. The correctness of these records is unquestionable, and it should be remembered that with 65 men starting on an eighth of a mile track the leaders, in going around and getting by the crowd, were obliged to travel each day three or four miles farther than the distance credited to them. Samuel Whitehead, a well-known expert, was in charge of the scoring, and three skillful accountants, headed by Arthur S. Ellam, were employed all the time in checking over and proving every sheet, computing the time and making out the hour sheets. Three judges, selected by the referee, each served 8 hours per day, and the referee was present more than 12 out of 24 hours. If the scores were to be run up the scorers would have done so in the early morning hours when few persons were in the building, and few prying eyes watching them. A GAZETTE representative will vouch that they were correctly kept, and that the pedestrians were not credited with a lap they did not cover. It was no benefit to Mr. D. E. Rose, the manager, to have the scores run up, but to his disadvantage and detriment, for every pedestrian that went over 450 miles he had to pay his entrance fee—\$100—back. Sixteen went over 450 miles, and consequently Mr. Rose had to return \$1,600 out of the entrance fees, and no manager is going to countenance a fraud especially when he has to lose \$1,600 by the operation. On the other hand, Mr. D. E. Rose stands too high in social and business circles to countenance any underhand work, and, therefore the records must and will stand. That the great score was made by Americans is a matter of rejoicing, and shows that there are plenty of Rowells in America, and that practice and training will develop them."

AMUSEMENTS.

OXFORD GARDEN, 192 Chatham Square. Concert every evening. Sacred Concert Sunday evenings. 7 P.M. 30 Lady Cashiers in attendance. Admission Free.

BISMARCK HALL, 464 Pearl, cor. Pearl and Chatham Streets. Concert every evening at 7:30, under direction of Professor Peterson. 30 Lady Cashiers in attendance. Admission Free.

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